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THE NEW

# STATESMAN AND NATION

## The Week-end Review

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CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . *Page* 697
IS RATIONING NECESSARY? . . . . . 700
GERMANY, RUSSIA AND THE ECONOMIC WAR. By Lindley M. Fraser . . . . . 701
ROBBING THE WOUNDED SOLDIER. By D. N. Pritt 702
A LONDON DIARY . . . . . 703
SEPTEMBER EVENING. By Louis MacNeice . . 704
THE UNIVERSE GETS LESS MYSTERIOUS. By J. B. S. Haldane . . . . . 704
THIS ENGLAND . . . . . 706
NAMES. By Y. Y. . . . . 706
THE FLAKING PINEAPPLE. By G. Rostrevor Hamilton 707
HOMAGE AND THE WEDDING. By Jean de Néveur . 707
THE ARTIST AND HIS PUBLIC. By Clive Bell . 708
MUSIC AND THE MAN. By W. J. Turner. . . 709
PLAYS AND PICTURES . . . . . 710
THE COMING WEEK . . . . . 711
CORRESPONDENCE . . . . . 711
From G. Bernard Shaw; Benn W. Levy; J. M. Keynes; Socialist; Louis Marlow; Norman Leys; Ivor Montagu; A. Gupta; M. Bunbury.
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By Raymond Mortimer . *Page* 715
REVIEWS:
New Novels. By John Mair . . . . . 716
Between Munich and War. By Richard Coventry 718
The Proper Study. By Beryl de Zoete . . 718
Soldiers and Statesmen. By Harold J. Laski . 720
Letter from Kent. By V. Sackville-West . . 722
Dialectics of the Philosophy of Physics. By C. E. M. Joad . . . . . 724
Stones of London. By William King . . . 726
Detection. By Ralph Partridge . . . . 728
A Great Ruler. By E. E. Kellett . . . . 728
Capitalist in Embryo. By G. D. H. Cole . . 730
A New Poet. By Naomi Mitchison . . . 732
Karl Marx. By Raymond Postgate . . . 732
SHORTER NOTICES . . . . . 734
BOOKS TO COME. By Marie Scott-James . . 736
ABOUT MOTORING. By R. E. Davidson . . . 736
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS . . . . . 738
CROSSWORD . . . . . 739
THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Cynicus . . . 740

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE offer of mediation from the two sovereigns of the Low Countries has had no positive result. Nothing else could have been expected, though it is to be regretted that the Allies missed an opportunity for a constructive reply. The German response was a discourteous rejection. The British answer was content to repeat that our aim is "to redeem Europe from the perpetually recurring fear of German aggression." The French Government laid stress on its resolve to repair the injustices suffered by Austria, Czechoslovakia and Poland. The bracketing of these three cases, as if they were on a par, deserves attention, for it suggests that the restoration of Austria's independence is as imperative as our obligation to the Czechs and Poles. To our thinking, our duty was rightly stated in the Labour Party's manifesto: the Austrians must decide their own future. They may prefer to remain within the Reich, if it adopts any form of democracy. The French Right is flirting recklessly with the Habsburg idea. Meanwhile the Dutch Premier has in a public statement punctured the scare that his own precautions had fanned. It was not generous on his part to throw the blame for these alarms on the foreign correspondents who drew the inevitable inference. It is clear that the Germans have abandoned any intention they had of violating Dutch or Belgian neutrality.

### Murder in High Places

The Nazis have reacted in the customary way to the attempt at Munich on Hitler's life. They have announced that Mr. Chamberlain had confessed his own guilt in advance, but suspicion falls almost as heavily on the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Cardinal-Archbishop of Munich and the ex-Kaiser. No Jewish criminal has yet been discovered, but Herr Hess has declared that if and when this victim is identified, the sequel will throw the massacre of St. Bartholomew into the shade. It seems that a likely Van der Lubbe was prowling round the beer-house as far back as August. In that event we may have to add Field-Marshal Göring to the distinguished

list of conspirators. In the hunt that is now going on for suspects the Gestapo is paying special attention to the monarchists, particularly in South Germany, and rumours which may be grossly exaggerated report the arrest of many distinguished soldiers and aristocrats. Amid these stirring events, the Führer's speech, which came to an end with prudent brevity before the explosion, has received inadequate notice. Its tone was in the early vein of revolutionary, quasi-socialistic demagogy. Limping after Soviet Russia the Nazis are marching leftwards.

### A Fighting Lead

Mr. Churchill's broadcast on Sunday evening supplied the element of leadership that our country has lacked since this oddly negative war began. It was vivacious, amusing and pugnacious. One cannot wage a war with cautious understatements, nor yet with moral platitudes. One phrase, however, we deeply regret. With the word "Hun" Mr. Churchill sought to revive the hatreds of the last war, of which we had supposed every grown man is heartily ashamed. It was kind of him to give Mr. Chamberlain a testimonial for "toughness"; we should value more highly the gift of imaginative foresight. In the military field, meanwhile, there is nothing of importance to record, save the sinking of a British destroyer which struck a mine. It seems that the U-boats are now paying much attention to the sowing of these perils on the waters, to which several merchant ships, neutral and allied, owe their end.

### The Russo-Finnish Breakdown

The Finnish delegation has quitted Moscow with no early intention of returning, and in a quiet but determined speech M. Errko has announced the breakdown of the negotiations. Finland remains mobilised, with one man in five under arms, while the Red Army carries out highly realistic exercises near the frontier. The Soviet press threatens and accuses with a lack of humour and objectivity that it might have learned from Nazi models. The Finns are even blamed for aggressive intentions and are described as the tools of British Imperialism. It seems that they were ready to hand over, on the summons of Moscow, several islands and some, but not all, of the coveted region that "threatens" the security of Leningrad. But they would not give up their port at Hangö, nor yet the Arctic district that would serve as a convenient corridor from Russian into Norwegian territory. Russia may be trying the nerves and the economic staying power of the Finns. But we doubt if she dare attack: that would ruin her standing with the working-class of all Europe.

### The Duce's Terms

On Wednesday the Duce gave us all a characteristic reminder of his existence and his claims. Making a sudden appearance on a balcony in Rome, he informed a crowd of students that "Fascist peace is an armed peace." In that respect, it is less peculiar than he supposes. Has Europe ever known anything but an armed peace? He went on to urge his students to keep their rifles always beside their books. He has the gift of picturesque speech. But what else have any of us expected our students to do since first conscription became a European institution? The chorus then replied, with perfect comprehension of its Leader's thought: "Corsica, Tunis." This is interesting. On the former occasion the chorus put in a claim to Nice also. The process of bargaining is coming down to business. To ask for Nice was a bluffing exaggeration, but in Tunis the Italians may hope to secure a condominium as the price of their neutrality. We should guess that they are still pressing for the demilitarisation of Corsica.

### The Blockade: a Query

While the Germans are complaining that Belgium, Holland and Denmark have been guilty of unneutral conduct in their dealings with the British blockade authorities, the negotiations now in progress between these same countries and Great Britain indicate that they have serious complaints to make. It is alleged, for example, that supplies of copper which have been refused entry to Belgium as contraband destined for Germany, are being allowed without hindrance to find their way into Germany *via* Trieste. In other words, it is alleged that we are blockading the democratic neutrals much more severely than we are blockading Italy, despite the fact that American vessels are free to voyage in the Mediterranean, but are prevented from visiting the neutral ports in the Atlantic war zone. Possibly the Belgians are mistaken in supposing that they are being discriminated against. But, if they do feel this, they ought, if possible, to be authoritatively reassured. It is not sufficiently realised in this country that the smaller neutrals are already suffering serious privations as a result of the combined effect of the two blockades. The U-boats may be the more heavily to blame for this, but German and Russian propaganda agree in throwing the whole responsibility on us.

### The Government Yields a Point

The Government has yielded to the almost universal demand for an improvement in the scale of allowances to the dependents of men serving in the armed forces. Mr. Hore-Belisha announced on Tuesday that the utterly indefensible scale hitherto in force had been withdrawn, and that the allowances for children would be raised for all except the first child. The revised scale provides 5*s*. for the first child, 4*s*. for the second, and 3*s*. for every child thereafter—instead of 5*s*., 3*s*., 2*s*. and 1*s*. for each child after the third. In addition, Mr. Hore-Belisha, admitting that cases of severe hardship had been found to arise where rents were high, announced that discretion would be given to make additional family grants up to a maximum of £2 a week, as against a previous limitation to £2 a week, including other allowances. These changes are all to the good; but is 3*s*. an adequate sum on which to maintain a child at the existing level of prices? Moreover, the concession as to the £2 maximum may easily sound much more generous than it is; for everything will depend on the interpretation placed on it by the Special Allowances Advisory Committee, which is entrusted with complete power to administer the system as it pleases.

### Sir Arthur Salter Takes Office

The Government, having committed the capital error of making Sir John Gilmour, instead of Sir Arthur Salter, Minister of Shipping, has now persuaded the rejected candidate to become Parliamentary Secretary to the incompetent Minister. Sir Arthur Salter, no doubt, regarded it as his patriotic duty to accept this somewhat

insulting offer; and it is to be hoped that the terms of his appointment are such as to ensure that he is able to exert a real influence over the Ministry, even though the nominal responsibility for its policy rests in other hands. The Ministry, as Tuesday's debate showed, has plenty of important matters to tackle. The debate found the shipowners in full cry for increased freight rates, subsidies for tramp shipping, and what not: their chief argument seemed to be that as neutral shipping was charging immensely profitable rates, they ought to be allowed to do the same. Mr. Churchill's figures about the amount of tonnage available were questioned by Mr. Shinwell and other speakers; and a good deal of dissatisfaction was expressed at the present working of the convoy system—on the score less of danger than of excessive delay. In view of the shortage of shipbuilding capacity in this country (a shortage deliberately brought about by Shipbuilders' Security, Ltd.) the Ministry was asked whether any steps were being taken to get vessels built in Canada. Apparently, none have been, so far. Clearly Sir Arthur Salter will find plenty of work waiting for him in his new department.

### Mr. Keynes's Income Plan

In two articles published in *The Times*, Mr. Keynes raises certain vital problems of war finance and propounds an interesting solution. The problem which Mr. Keynes propounds is that of avoiding the familiar spiral of incomes and prices, resulting in general inflation. If the Government takes, say, £2,500,000,000 a year out of the national income (at present prices) and spends it on the war, those of us who are not maintained out of this sum will have to live on what is left. Even allowing for increased production, it is impossible for this to be done at a higher standard of living than existed before the outbreak of war. Indeed, even this may be too much to expect. But, Mr. Keynes argues, the inevitable result of war employment will be a considerable rise in incomes. On this basis he develops the proposal that the population, including the wage-earners, should receive a part of its war-time income, according to a graduated scale, in deferred income certificates, spendable only after the war. There would be a minimum income, with allowance for dependents, exempt from this scheme; but all the surplus beyond the minimum would be liable to a percentage deduction on a rising scale, to be taken partly by taxation, but in part to be accumulated to the credit of the recipient against the post-war future. This scheme is discussed at length on our City page; but whether or not Mr. Keynes's solution is the right one, there is no doubt about the urgency of the problem which he sets.

### American Shipping and the War Zone

There is still no decision about the proposed transfer of the nine vessels belonging to the United States Line to the register of Panama, in order to make it possible for them to trade in the "war zone" prohibited to United States shipping. If the Maritime Commission does sanction the transfer, a number of further applications will be made by other lines. Some, on the other hand, are already resorting to the alternative expedient of chartering vessels belonging to neutral countries, in order to maintain their services to the neutral Atlantic ports inside the "zone." Even if ships are thus chartered, or transferred, it will not be lawful for them to be manned by seamen of American nationality; and the Seamen's Union is therefore raising strong opposition to the proposed transfers on the ground that their members will be left unemployed. But they are also likely to be unemployed if the vessels are not transferred; for the impossibility for all the available vessels to crowd into the permitted regions will mean that many vessels will have to be laid up. The definition of the "war zone" is also giving trouble. Eire, in particular, is protesting loudly against the inclusion of Irish ports, which the Government of Eire holds to be at any rate no more dangerous to shipping than the Mediterranean or Bergen, which are within the permitted area.

### Flogging Will Go On

The Government has dropped the Criminal Justice Bill. The reason given is that the numerous amendments made in committee would have meant heavy work for the Government draftsmen in getting the Bill ready for Report, and that the officials have too much else on hand to be able to spare the time. The Bill, unfortunately, cannot, under the existing procedure, be carried over to the next session; and accordingly the Government's decision has killed it dead, leaving all the work to be done over again at some unspecified and probably distant date. The more sinister aspect of the matter is that there are among the Government's supporters a good many who, in their devotion to the cause of flogging, will rejoice greatly over the Bill's demise; and we find it difficult to believe that, but for this vociferous section of Tory opinion, the Bill would not have been saved. Could it not, for example, have been allowed to pass even with imperfect drafting, if a clause had been added postponing its operation for a year? Parliament could then have tidied up the drafting during the next session, before the Act came into force. But no. We publish White Papers denouncing Nazi atrocities; but we allow the Conservative backwoodsmen to get away with their defence of the British right to flog.

### Hotels and Hutments

The Government, chastened by the repeated onslaughts of the hotel-keepers, announces that, unless some unforeseen emergency arises, it does not propose to commandeer any more hotels. It even holds out the hope that some of those already commandeered may be given back; but it issues a warning against hopes that this can be done at all fast, though it is now beginning to think about erecting hutments for some of its evacuated Civil Service departments. Schools and colleges and other institutional buildings are, it seems, lower down in the queue than the hotels; and the difficulties in the way of getting adequate supplies of materials, in face of the rival demands of the War Office, are put forward as reasons why the building of hutments cannot proceed at all fast.

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# IS RATIONING NECESSARY?

THERE is still no certainty about the date at which food rationing is to be introduced, even for bacon and butter. The ration books, it is true, have now been distributed, though a good many of them seem not yet to have reached the consumers for whom they are destined. We are told, officially, that the rationing scheme is in good order, and can be brought into force at any moment. But the critical day is again and again postponed; and a great many people are asking one another why.

The official answer is that rationing is, for the present, unnecessary, and that the Government is reluctant to impose upon the public the hardships which any system of rationing is bound to involve, as long as it remains possible to avoid imposing it. Sir Samuel Hoare, in his answer given in the House of Commons last week, added a second reason—that the introduction of rationing in Great Britain would be put to propaganda use in Germany, and acclaimed as demonstrating the success of the submarine campaign. This second reason, however, seems to have been thrown in as an afterthought, and the chief stress was laid throughout on the contention that rationing is for the present unnecessary.

Now, rationing is admittedly a clumsy instrument, and no one wants to be rationed unless justice and prudence make it desirable. It is true, as Mr. Morrison argues, that rationing schemes involve treating everybody equally, or at any rate making differentiations only between very broad classes of persons, irrespective of differences in individual tastes and habits of consumption. It is also true that, if some commodities are rationed, while others are not, the effect must be largely to divert consumption from the former to the latter, rather than to restrict total consumption—that is, unless the prices of the unrationed commodities are allowed to rise to a very deterrent level. Rationing, unless it is applied over a very wide field, or accompanied by gross profiteering in unrestricted goods, is a bad sumptuary expedient. It is justified only if it is necessary on account of actual shortage of supplies—after allowance, of course, for the maintenance of adequate, but not excessive, reserves.

On this basis, is rationing at present unnecessary, as the Government apparently claims that it is? The answer must depend on our estimation of the causes which lie behind the undoubted and serious local shortages of a number of commodities on the rationing list—notably butter and bacon. Are these shortages due to a real deficiency in the total supplies available; or are they due rather to a breakdown in the system of transport and allocation between areas and between different suppliers in the same areas? If the difficulty lies, not in a real shortage, but in administrative muddle or even deliberate unfairness in the distribution of the supplies, the remedy is not rationing, but a drastic purge of the agencies now in control under the authority of the State. If, on the other hand, there is real shortage, rationing seems to be the obvious remedy. We do not, of course, exclude the notion that both these causes have been at work, and that the complete remedy may lie in both rationing the consumers and cleaning up abuses in the "Controls."

The available evidence surely points to the conclusion that real shortage exists, at any rate in the cases of bacon and butter. In the case of bacon, it would be very remarkable if supplies were adequate, in face of the known difficulties of transport from Denmark and of the admitted reduction in the quantities handed over by farmers to the curers in this country. In the case of butter, Mr. Morrison himself has told us that the Government deliberately decided to build up stocks of materials for the making of margarine, in preference to storing butter against the emergency. Moreover, the size of the rations announced for the beginning of the scheme—if it does begin—is in itself a sufficient indication of real shortage. It can, no doubt, be argued that rationing makes it necessary to provide supplies of butter for persons who in fact do not consume it, but use exclusively its cheaper substitutes, such as margarine. But although this seems to be officially suggested, it has never been explained why the controllers of food policy should have thought fit to adopt so unrealistic a basis for their calculations.

It is clear, in our view, that the shortage is real. This means that rationing, of one sort or another, is unavoidable. The only question is whether it is to be done by the Government, under a general scheme applying to everybody, or, unofficially and irresponsibly, by wholesalers to retailers and by retailers to customers, with the inevitable suspicion of unfairness at both stages of the process. At the wholesale end, such suspicions are bound to be the stronger because so many of the "Controls" are dominated and largely officered by the big firms in the various trades; and, at the retail end, it will not be easy to convince the poorer consumers that the richer are not, in practice, finding much less difficulty than themselves in getting adequate supplies.

The case for rationing, at any rate of butter and bacon, is very strong. It is natural that the prospect should be disliked by many of the better-off consumers, who are threatened with the loss of some of their breakfast rashers and with an enforced substitution of margarine for butter. It is natural that some of the newspapers should loudly urge their case, using the dislike of bureaucracy as a means of giving it an appearance of respectable argument. It is natural also, that the present Government should be peculiarly sensitive to opinion of this type. But the fact remains that, in many working-class areas and in some whole towns, adequate supplies, even on the reduced scale contemplated under the rationing scheme, have not been forthcoming, and are not forthcoming to-day.

Unless, therefore, within the next week or so the Government can convince us, by making adequate supplies everywhere available, that the difficulty has been one of distribution and not of actual shortage, we are bound to regard the case for early rationing as conclusively made out. If, as Mr. Morrison seems to imply, there is no question of any shortage of the materials for making margarine, by all means let margarine remain unrationed; and if the position is the same with meat, except bacon, let other meat remain unrationed, too. If, however, margarine is to be left free, while butter is very severely restricted, it will remain indispensable to keep a tight control over margarine prices, and to ensure that the poorer consumers are not unnecessarily compelled to forgo the cheaper variety to which they are accustomed. Margarine is assuredly not a commodity in which the Government, or anybody else, ought to be allowed to profiteer.

To urge that rationing is desirable and necessary, in certain cases, is by no means to argue that rationing, by itself, is enough. Indeed, the application of rationing to some commodities will only make it the more important effectively to control the prices and distribution of those which are unrestricted, except by the limits of the consumer's purse. In this matter, we have no faith at all in anti-profiteering legislation, which is bound to be capricious in its working and to let the big sinners escape. For the big sinners will usually be powerful enough to secure the sanction of strict legality for their misdoings. The real measures against profiteering have to be taken at the source—that is, in the offices of the various "Controls," which are often difficult to distinguish from the Trade Associations they are supposed to control. It is of the first importance that the impartiality of the Government agencies of control should be beyond suspicion. At present, it is not so; but that, so far from constituting a case against rationing, as some of the newspapers would like us to believe, strengthens the case for it, wherever supplies are really short. For rationing, whatever its bluntness as an instrument, is at any rate difficult to manipulate in the interests of any particular trading concern, or of one group of consumers as against another.

## GERMANY, RUSSIA AND THE ECONOMIC WAR

I WAS in a Stuttgart café when the announcement of the German-Russian anti-Aggression Pact came through. After thirty seconds of stunned silence, the first reaction upon the crowd was one of delight at the blow which had been dealt to the United Kingdom. Russia, whose hostility would have doomed Germany from the outset, had come to terms with her. What now became of encirclement? Would not Germany have free access to the oil of Baku, the coal and iron of the Ukraine, the gold of the Urals, the wheat of the central plains, the copper of the Kirghiz Steppes? What use would a British blockade of Hamburg and Bremen be, when all Germany's needs could be satisfied from the rich storehouse of the south-east? So the Nazis argued joyously, as they heard of the death of the anti-Comintern pact. But if Germany's leaders hope to cover their huge raw material needs from Russian sources, they will have to face bitter disappointment. The pact with Russia has, from the point of view of economic warfare, made little or no difference to Germany's powers of resistance in a long struggle.

The first point that must be emphasised is that there is no ground whatever for believing—and many grounds for disbelieving—that the Nazis have built up huge secret reserves of essential materials and foodstuffs. They have probably collected together a considerable volume of wheat and rye; and they also claim to have an emergency supply of inferior fats, such as whale oil, which can be used at a pinch as a substitute for margarine. But for coal and iron, copper and other metals, and, above all, oil, Germany must rely on what she can produce at home or import. And it is safe to say that she cannot now produce *any* of these essential materials at home—not even coal—to the extent required for war purposes. If she is to survive for any length of time as a fighting machine, she must obtain them from abroad.

The question as to the amount of materials Russia would be willing to let Germany have depends for a final answer upon an unknown quantity—the attitude of the Bolsheviks to the struggle between Fascism and Democracy. But if we assume that Russia is not going to support Germany to the extent of becoming an ally, the position is as follows. Russia has an exportable surplus of wheat, which could be sent to Germany just as well as anywhere else, provided Germany could pay for it. The same thing applies to her exports of oil and petrol. On the other hand, in the case of coal and the base metals, Russia is not in the habit of exporting at all. Her output of coal, iron, zinc, lead and copper is effectively consumed at home. Apart from increasing her total output, which would mean a long and difficult process of opening new mines, and developing slow technical processes, if she is to supply Germany she must reduce her own consumption. This would clearly have an adverse effect on her own manufacturing industries: factories would have to curtail output, armaments production would suffer, further industrialisation would be checked. Are we seriously to suppose that Russia would face such sacrifices on behalf of her old enemy?

Apart, therefore, from certain materials of minor importance (manganese, for instance), the only things which Russia would be prepared to supply to Germany on a large scale are grains and oil. And as Germany already possesses a comparatively adequate store of the former, it is only in respect of the latter that the benevolent neutrality of the U.S.S.R. might benefit the Nazis. There remains, however, the problem of transport. Whatever Russia was prepared to do for Germany, there would still be the question of how goods were to be conveyed for hundreds of miles across Europe. There are three possibilities. Supplies could be sent by land, rail, or water. (Air transport could only be of importance if the goods to be sent were gold, silver, platinum or, perhaps, caviare.) The difficulties of sending bulky materials like coal, iron or grains by road in really large quantities need hardly be pointed out. The distances are enormous, the roads, at any rate in Russia, are few, the number of lorries required would be astronomical.

In the case of rail transport there are two main difficulties, lack of rolling stock in Germany and Russia alike, and the difference in the gauge. All goods would have to be transshipped at the Russian frontier from broad-guage to narrow gauge trucks. Neither of these difficulties is insuperable, given time. But Germany needs her supplies *now*, or in the very near future. Plans for a long-run development of railway communications with Russia are of little relevance to her present emergency.

There remains the possibility of shipments by water. The Baltic Sea is not important, for most of the materials in which Germany is interested come from the south-east, not the north, of Russia.

So the answer to this question is also unfavourable to German hopes. Even if supplies were available in Russia in the sufficient quantities, they could not be delivered where Germany needs them, in her own borders. Finally, even if the materials were there, and could be freely and immediately conveyed across Europe, there would still remain the crucial question, how can Germany pay for what she obtains?

There are four alternatives. Either Germany pays in "cash," by gold, silver or foreign exchange; or she pays in goods, by the export to Russia of her own products; or she obtains Russian materials on credit, that is, she persuades Russia to wait for payment on some date in the more or less distant future. Or, finally, she persuades Russia to supply her with materials free of charge. This last possibility can be dismissed out of hand. Only if Russia were actively and whole-heartedly engaged in the war herself would she make presents to Germany of materials she urgently requires at home. Germany, however, cannot pay in "cash," because she has none. For years she has had to get on with only such stocks of gold and foreign exchange as she has succeeded in seizing from the countries annexed by her. And these stocks have been fully spent. To obtain goods on credit from Russia is likely to be impossible for two reasons. Germany has at the moment no very high reputation for credit-worthiness, and anybody who lends to her in this way must reckon with a high risk of seeing his debt repudiated, whether by the present German Government, which will never hesitate to dishonour its obligations if it seems convenient, or by any other regime which might be set up in its place. (We could not expect such a regime to hold itself responsible for debts incurred by

the Nazis.) But even if the Germans had the highest possible reputation as trustworthy debtors, they could hardly hope to borrow from Russia. For Russia is in no position to supply goods on credit. On the contrary, she has always required to receive it, and in the recently concluded commercial agreement between her and Germany, provision was made for a huge loan *from the Nazis to the Bolsheviks*. We can, in fact, dismiss as fantastic the idea that Russia could suddenly become one of the world's creditor countries.

There remains only the chance that Germany might pay for Russian supplies in the form of goods. Here, again, there is a fatal obstacle. Effectively, the only products that Russia could want from Germany are high-quality production goods, as we may call them, machinery, electrical and optical appliances, chemicals and the like. (Textiles and clothing might have been a further possibility, but for the increasing output of these articles in Russia, and the notorious deterioration in the textiles produced by Germany.) But the industries concerned in producing high-quality production goods are precisely the industries whose products must be reserved for home use if the war is to be carried on at all, industries whose capacity for export is most seriously reduced by the exigencies of the home needs. How can Germany afford to send machinery abroad to Russia when she is faced with a desperate shortage of machinery for her own vital needs? Or to part with chemicals, without which her armaments production is bound to be crippled? Moreover, in many of these industries, and outstandingly in the engineering trades, there had already set in a severe shortage of materials, labour, and productive capacity even before the war started. For long now purchasers of German machinery have had to wait many weeks and even months before having their orders completed, and sometimes vital machines have had to stand idle because engineering shops were unable to deliver some trivial spare part. What chance is there that an industry in this condition could expand its output to the enormous extent required to meet all war needs, and also to export huge quantities to another country? In other words, Germany cannot pay for supplies from Russia without a grave risk of destroying her own war machine.

The only possibility left lies in the fact that, so far, the German engineering and chemicals industries have been able to export to overseas countries, chiefly South America. The cessation of trade with overseas countries will no doubt release some productive capacity, which might be capable, after a few months of reconstruction and adjustment, of producing the sort of goods that Russia was prepared to accept. But it would be a wild fantasy to imagine that in this way even a tenth of the raw materials Germany requires from Russia could be purchased. We in this country can therefore continue with our economic measures against Germany, assured that a neutral Russia, even a benevolently neutral and sympathetic Russia, is not going to make any appreciable difference to Germany's prospects in this war, into which the "senseless ambition" of the German Führer has plunged the world.

LINDLEY M. FRASER

## ROBBING THE WOUNDED SOLDIER

I SUPPOSE there are very few people outside Whitehall who really want to save money in this war by cheating soldiers out of disability pensions for wounds or illness brought about by their war service. I suppose, too, that the vast majority of people would desire that, when any question should arise as to whether any particular wound or disease is or is not due to war service, such a question should be decided without excluding any available and reasonably reliable evidence, and with a bias (if any bias) in favour of the claimant. The present Minister of Pensions has repeatedly expressed his determination to treat all claims with the utmost generosity—with such vigour that one wondered whether he was impliedly criticising his predecessor; and some of us were naive enough to hope that, in the light (or the sound) of his trumpeting, the Royal Warrant which was to lay down the conditions of such pensions would be worded with reasonable generosity.

It is accordingly with horror and disgust that that small section of the community which can understand the wording of modern legislative English within a few hours of beginning to study it perused paragraph 5, sub-paragraph (2), of the Royal Warrant. It runs as follows:

> A disability shall not be certified to be attributable to military service during the war unless there is definite evidence of the wound, injury or disease in contemporary official records or, where such records are not available, there is other definite collateral evidence, and in either case, the evidence is good and sufficient and leaves no doubt in the mind of the certifying medical authority that the disability was in fact attributable to war service.

Let us translate this into intelligible English by stages, for it is the determining and limiting condition of disability pensions, and its provisions are imperative, admitting of no discretion, no waiver, and no appeal.

The Warrant takes the matter in two stages; it deals firstly with the existence of the wound, injury or disease, and secondly with the question of its being caused by war service.

In the first stage, it deals with proof of the existence under two heads. The first head lays down the test: "Is there definite evidence of the wound, injury or disease *in contemporary official records?*" If those "contemporary official records" exist, and do not contain such "definite evidence," there is an end of the matter. All the generosity, all the goodwill, all the trumpetings of Sir Walter Womersley, *cannot* then give a pension; it is not legal to do so. One hundred men, even officers, may have seen the man wounded, or seen him stricken with disease in the very trenches; if by some mischance the matter does not get into the contemporary official records (and one knows the difficulty of keeping them complete in wartime) there is no pension—only the P.A.C., the "Institution," the sale of matches or of war-medals. A man may, for example, be missing in an attack, and be picked up a week later, gravely wounded, when his unit has gone to another part of the line; his wound may thus not get "definitely" stated in the contemporary official records, and he will get no pension. Again, a man may contract a disease, which springs up six months after he has been shelled, when he is away from his unit; but if it is not mentioned in contemporary official records, he can make no claim.

That is the end of the matter so long as such official records exist, but there is one loophole, which brings us to what I have called above the second head of proof of the existence of the wound, injury or disease. This head deals with the position where there are not any contemporary official records, and in that case other evidence may be accepted, but it is not to be "any reliable evidence"; it has to fall within the words "definite collateral evidence." The word "collateral" can only mean evidence other than that of the claimant himself; he is good enough to be conscribed to fight for his country, but not good enough to give evidence for himself. Take as an example the man missing in an attack, and picked up alive but wounded a week later; if contemporary official records are not available, he still has a chance, but the fate of his pension will depend on "collateral evidence." If he cannot find someone who saw him wounded, it is no good his pointing to the scar; the Warrant demands "definite collateral evidence," and neither his own statement nor his own scar is "collateral."

All this is bad enough; it is contrary to the whole spirit of English law arbitrarily to exclude particular kinds of evidence, and it is contrary to the ordinary decent feelings of nearly all of us to put restrictions of this kind on the grant of disability pensions to men broken in war; but there is the Royal Warrant, and that is what it says.

And we have not reached the worst. I mentioned above that the matter of proof is taken in two stages, and the second stage is the question whether the wound, injury or disease is

"attributable to military service." Here, one might have expected the matter to be left to the fair judgment of the medical authorities, on any evidence they chose to accept; or they might even have been directed to decide any question of reasonable doubt in the claimant's favour. One might indeed have expected almost anything, except what actually appears—namely, the provision that the evidence must "be good and sufficient and *leave no doubt in the mind* of the certifying medical authority that the disability was in fact attributable to war service." A medical board that thinks it is 75 per cent. probable that some illness or injury is attributable to war service must reject the claim; if it does not do so, that is a breach of duty. If it thinks it 95 per cent. probable, there is still 5 per cent. doubt; it must still reject the claim, for what there must be is "no doubt." All the thousands of cases from the last war, in which difficult medical questions have been fought out, resulting often enough in pensions, are automatically disposed of in advance in this way against the soldier. Such cases obviously admit of doubt, and therefore they must be rejected. And let it not be thought that these are mere technical points, which the Ministry would in practice override. In the first place, it is illegal to do so; and in the second every Member of Parliament has learnt that the Ministry is unwilling to stretch points in favour of applicants.

Let me test the Warrant by a case which I had to deal with recently. A man, desperately ill and crippled for years, as a result of shell-shock from a shell bursting close to him, claimed a pension. The Ministry's doctors chose to assert that there was nothing wrong with him but valvular disease of the heart. After nine years of contest, it was admitted that he had *not* got valvular disease of the heart, and *had* got shell-shock; but they then came to the conclusion that 40 per cent. of his disability was due to "pre-disposition" (although he was perfectly healthy before the war) and gave him only a 60 per cent. pension. He fought them for about nine years more, and then they admitted—and, to be fair, this was Sir Walter Womersley—that he ought to have 100 per cent., and he has got it. Now, how will they deal with a similar case in the present war? They will start by asking if the injury is to be found in the contemporary official records. If it is not (as it was not in my actual case) that is an end of the matter, unless some sympathetic person burns the records to put the claim on its feet. In that case, if there is "definite collateral evidence" (as there was, by chance, in my case) of the injury, the medical authorities still cannot give him a pension unless they have no doubt; and how could they have *no doubt*, when some doctors say it is valvular disease of the heart?

Parliament is the place in which to ventilate such matters as this, and this matter was raised there in the hope that the Minister would promise to alter the Article. He was asked about it, the interpretation above discussed being put to him—an interpretation about which I could almost say there is "no doubt"—and he replied (after having presumably had the assistance of both legal and lay civil servants in his department): "I cannot accept the Honourable and Learned Member's interpretation of Article 5, which will be construed in a liberal spirit in the light of the expert guidance which will be given by medical officers of very great experience and will ensure that no material evidence in support of a claim is excluded from consideration."

This answer almost defies criticism. How do you construe a piece of legislation in the light of expert medical guidance? And how can all the medical experts in the world get round the point that you are not to look at any evidence at all if contemporary official records are available but do not mention the case? And what is meant by "will ensure that no material evidence is excluded"? Grammatically, the doubtful English of the answer may mean that Article 5 will ensure this; but every line of Article 5 is directed to ensuring that some material evidence *is* excluded. But perhaps the answer means that the expert medical guidance will do the ensuring; that would seem to have no meaning at all.

The matter, with many other complaints against the Royal Warrant, was later on the same day debated in the House. The attack on Article 5 was developed clearly and at length in the debate, and the Government was challenged to answer. After that challenge, there were two speeches by Ministers. The first lasted, with interruptions, 34 minutes, and the speaker did not deal with this point; there were plenty of other criticisms to answer. The second, from the Minister of Pensions himself, lasted 38 minutes, and he too kept silence on the Article. When he sat down, there were still 26 minutes of parliamentary time available, and he was immediately asked: "Are we to understand that the Minister is not going to say a single word about paragraph 5—the paragraph against which the principal arguments have been directed?" It is the ordinary parliamentary technique for a Minister who has not a word to say in defence to sit silent when challenged in this way—and the Minister accordingly sat silent.

The lives of men, women and children depend on things like this; the spirit with which men will fight for democracy and freedom, for Poland and Chamberlain and Womersley and Pritt, depend on this. The future happiness and health of injured men and their wives and children depend on this. And the Government which wants young men to fight for it issues Royal Warrants like that; it cannot defend them intelligibly, and it will not alter them. What are we to say of them? I fear this attitude is merely symptomatic of the disease of the present system, but it is a pretty nasty symptom of a pretty nasty disease. We must re-write their publicity for them, thus:

YOUR Courage
YOUR Victimisation
YOUR Pauperisation
Will Bring Us Victory.

D. N. PRITT

# A LONDON DIARY

SINCE last Saturday the *Times* has been publishing in its Broadcasting column the hours and wave-lengths of the News in English from Germany. This is the best possible reply to the schoolboy rudeness in which the German propagandist indulges. He has an enormous audience here. I rarely go to bed until I have had my daily dose, and like everyone else I pretend to myself that I listen because it's so funny. That of course is what Dr. Goebbels wants. Even if the conscious part of you is merely amused, your unconscious is absorbing the message, and the result is that we are far more influenced than many of us care to admit. Nazi propaganda has never been directed to rational persuasion. It starts from some extremely shrewd criticism of social conditions, "non-political" but definitely anti-plutocratic. This gives it a contact with the man-in-the-street who feels that such criticism has something in it just because it is neither Conservative nor Labour. On this basis Dr. Goebbels proceeds to erect a complete picture of life utterly different either from the conventional British outlook or from reality. Lies are made emotionally convincing because they fit in with social resentments. In this dream world, most of the Navy is sunk, and Winston Churchill plans our strategy in secret confab with "Barney" Baruch. "Fantastic nonsense," you say. But supposing we did suffer a naval defeat, supposing we were being starved—then suddenly this fantastic nonsense would seem to many people the "true explanation." "We have been deceived, let down, stabbed in the back." Millions would be searching for an explanation which put the blame fair and square on someone else's shoulders, and showed how the old system and the old gang were to blame. Then Lord Haw Haw might pop up into our conscious minds as a prophetic voice—and not we but Dr. Goebbels would be laughing. Good propaganda is designed not so much to persuade the enemy here and now that you are right and he is wrong, but to break his morale in the moment of military crisis. It has never defeated anyone before victory was militarily impossible, but it can turn defeat into a rout.

Whereas the Nazis understand this as well as the Russians, there is no sign that our Government has any notion of it. Their propaganda is still on the level of rational persuasion, as though the British and German peoples were on opposite sides of a European House of Commons.

* * *

The influence of Nazi propaganda in this country has of course been vastly increased by the fact that the Communists—despite the usual differences between the pronouncements of the Soviet Government and those of the Third International—are now preaching almost exactly the same gospel. Herr Hitler has a fifth column in Stepney as well as in Mayfair, and his new recruits are as blissfully oblivious of the uses to which they are being put as the old hands. At three conferences, which I attended lately, I was much impressed by the passionate and confused sincerity with which young trade unionists and students demanded an immediate armistice and spoke as if the issue of the war was the colonies " of which the Nazis had been robbed." This of course is only a minority view; and public opinion researchers, with whom I was talking a few days ago, confirmed my own feeling that the vast majority of the people do not want " peace " under present conditions and are determined to " see it through," though they have no idea what the end will be. But the Government would be ill-advised to neglect these symptoms of trouble on the home-front. The young people who demand an armistice, do so very largely from a feeling that this is not their war. At each of the conferences where I listened to them, there was the same story of appalling overtime, commandeering of schools and clubs and disregard of the Factory Acts, the same question " how can *this* Government be sincere in its declared intention of destroying Fascism." Boys and girls who have grown to political maturity since 1931 have developed a queer blend of idealism and cynicism which is as unintelligible and horrifying to official Labour as it is to the Government. There is a gulf between the mentality of the over and the under thirties. Most young people make no distinction of parties—they lump all the politicians together and either accept them or reject them *in toto*. Even if the Government is so complacent in its ignorance of public opinion that it has refused every offer of help from scientific researchers, the Opposition would be well-advised to study the youth of the country with care. For an opposition without the confidence of young people is in a sorry plight.

* * *

I felt this very strongly when I heard Mr. Attlee's declaration of Labour war aims last week at the Caxton Hall. With the content of his speech I had little to quarrel—it was vague and strangely lacking in appreciation of the existence of the French people; but in so far as it was positive, it was sensible. " A little better than Lord Halifax " was the mark I gave it. What was really lamentable was its form and presentation. Two themes seemed to be dominant, first that Labour never had changed and never would change its policy, and of this all party members should be proud; and secondly that it would be premature to answer any of the questions that young people are asking. Both these propositions may be true. But if they are, then what was the object of the declaration? Again it may be true that it would have been outside the strict scope of a statement on Foreign Policy to refer to the social issues inside this country which are so infinitely more vital to working people than the future of Poland. In that case surely it would have been better either to break the strict rules of etiquette and speak of the new social order for which we are fighting or to make no statement at all. As it was, we were given a policy that led us nowhere—or rather that led us straight back to 1918. The whole statement reeked of the " Rule of Law," " Third Party Judgment," etc., phrases which make no more appeal to British than they do to German youth. Labour experts on foreign policy can remember the high hopes of the League they helped to build, but hundreds of thousands of young trade unionists and Socialists know only of its utter collapse. Even if they try—and few do so—they cannot feel any enthusiasm for leaders whose thought and language are so strangely and defiantly conservative. I suspect that some members of the Executive shared this feeling of discontent, but were deterred from expressing it by fear of antagonising the T.U.C. If so, their self-restraint was unavailing. Both the members of the T.U.C. and most of the T.U. members of the Executive absented themselves from the meeting. Their friends say that they found Mr. Attlee too hostile to Mr. Chamberlain and not sufficiently hostile to M. Stalin and their enemies that they had an appointment with Sir Horace Wilson.

* * *

To those ignorant of the ways of Press Lords, it may seem surprising that, when news is conspicuous by its absence, the best *cause celèbre* for years should go virtually unreported. You have to read the *Times* law reports—and even they give you only an inkling of this fascinating case—to discover what Princess Stefanie Hohenlohe-Waldenburg and Lord Rothermere are alleging about each other. The main facts are not denied by either side, and the only difference is that the Princess seems more anxious to publicise them than the Peer. We are told that Lord Rothermere for many years had his private ambassadress-at-large, paid her £5,000 a year and allowed her to give away presents such as a tapestry worth £1,400 to distinguished foreign personages. He even paid her, she alleges, £5,000 for *not* writing an article—surely a high record for negative journalism. We learn further that Lord Rothermere busied himself with efforts to restore the Hohenzollerns and the Habsburgs, although his suggestion that Mr. Esmond Harmsworth should become King of Hungary was coldly received by the Princess and subsequently dropped. As for their relations, I liked the following interlude:

> Would you think it proper for an agent, without express permission, to photograph her employer's correspondence and to keep the photographs?
>
> In Lord Rothermere's case, yes.

POLYCRITIC

## SEPTEMBER EVENING

WHY, now it has happened,
Should the clock go on striking to the firedogs
And why should the rooks be blown upon the evening
Like burnt paper in a chimney?

And why should the sea maintain its turbulence,
Its elegance,
And draw a film of muslin down the sand
With each receding wave?

And why, now it has happened,
Should the atlas still be full of the maps of countries
We never shall see again?

And why, now it has happened
And doom all night is lapping at the door,
Should I remember that I ever met you—
Once in another world?

September, 1939 LOUIS MACNEICE

## THE UNIVERSE GETS LESS MYSTERIOUS

NEWTON was something of a disaster for science. Not because he was wrong. On the contrary, he had a habit of being devastatingly right, even in his apparently wilder speculations, such as that about particles of light being subject to " fits." But he left little room for originality in his immediate successors. For nearly two centuries astronomers did little but illustrate, by ever more numerous examples, the correctness of Newton's gravitational theory. And mathematicians

used the differential calculus as one of their principal tools, though it was two centuries before anyone was able to justify Newton's intuitions by logical proof. The development of science might have been healthier if Newton's work had been spread out over a dozen men and a hundred years.

His immediate successors became mere commentators on the man—"Qui genus humanum ingenio superavit," as his epitaph quite correctly states. Later generations learned at school the very ingenious system of rationalisations by which the commentators had attempted to disguise his inspired guesses as common sense. In the late nineteenth century, however, facts began to accumulate which showed that Newton's theories were only approximations to truth. And if one had accepted them as dictates of reason, a world in which they did not hold exactly seemed to be irrational or at best mysterious.

I believe this mystery is merely a defence-mechanism against bringing our ideas up to date, and that most of the facts of modern physics are as intelligible as those on which Newton built his theories, though we are waiting for an exposition of them as clear as his. Let us take the group of events described as the transformation of mass into energy, and conversely. Some prehistoric genius discovered that many things have a practically constant weight. It is not quite constant. If you put a man on a sensitive balance he can be seen to lose weight so quickly that no two swings are alike. This is explained by the increased buoyancy of the air. On the other hand, the fact that things weigh less on a mountain than in the plain can only be explained as a real loss of weight taking place when they are removed further from the earth which attracts them.

However, Newton found another quantity, namely mass, which is constant when weight is not. The mass of a body is proportional, among other things, to the force needed to give it a given speed when acting for a given time; or to the amount of work which a body will do, when moving at a given speed, before it is brought to rest. According to Newton, the mass of a body was absolutely constant, while the weight varied both with the mass and with the strength of gravitation in its neighbourhood. The idea of energy is also a commonsense idea, at least in a mechanical age. And the acceptance of the idea that energy is conserved, and only changes from one form to another, did not contradict Newton's ideas.

It now turns out, however, that energy has mass and weight. When you wind up your watch you put energy into it. As a result it has more mass. That is to say you have to do more work in accelerating for a sprint with your watch wound than unwound. It also weighs more. That is to say it is more attracted by the matter and energy of the earth than it was before. Or if you like to put it that way, it causes more of a distortion of space-time. Of course these changes are too small to be measured at present, but changes of this type in atoms can be measured with some accuracy. For the life of me I cannot see anything mysterious in such facts as these. It is no shock to my intelligence that, just as the spin of the flywheel of my car makes it harder to turn it, it also makes it harder to accelerate it.

One of the most famous of nineteenth century calculations was that of Helmholz concerning the solar system. He showed that if the matter in it had originally been cool gas distributed in a nebula reaching to the orbit of Neptune, its contraction could have provided all the energy needed to heat the sun to its present temperature, but that at the present day the energy given out by the sun could only be supplied by gravitation if the sun's radius was lessening by about a mile per century. This was a good theory in its day. It gave a possible rational explanation of the source of the sun's heat, but was unacceptable since it was already sure that the earth's surface had been at near its present temperature for millions of years. Chemical energy was equally out of the question, since if the sun were made of coal, at its present rate of energy production it would only last for about ten thousand years.

So pious astronomers could echo Raphael's words about the sun in Faust.

> "Ihr Anblick gibt den Engeln Stärke
> Wenn keiner sie ergründen mag."

I sometimes wonder whether Goethe, when he wrote these lines, was guilty of a low pun, comparing the angels with vegetables that make starch when the sun shines on them. Certainly ignorance is not a source of strength to men, whatever it may be to archangels.

When Rutherford discovered that radio-active transformations gave out millions of times as much energy as chemical changes of the same substances, it was clear that energy sources were available which would account for heat production on a vast scale over millions of years. But there do not seem to be enough of the ordinary radio-active elements in the sun to supply energy for a thousand million years. And until the last few years the nature of the energy-generating process was far from clear.

Then the work of Aston on the one hand, and Cockcroft and Walton on the other, at Cambridge, furnished the necessary clues. Aston, with his mass-spectrograph, found that the weights of atomic nuclei were very nearly whole numbers, when expressed in terms of that of hydrogen. Apparent exceptions were due to mixture. Thus chlorine has an apparent atomic weight of about 35½ and turns out to consist mostly of atoms of atomic weight 35, with a lesser amount of atomic weight 37. Whereas carbon, with atomic weight 12, consists almost wholly of one atomic species. But as soon as Aston's measurements became more precise he found that the whole numbers were not exact. The nucleus of a carbon atom is very probably built up of 12 protons (nuclei of hydrogen atoms) and 6 electrons. But it is nearly 1 per cent. below the sum of their weights. The lost weight is due to loss of energy. The process of packing protons and electrons together gives out an immense amount of energy, and when this goes off into space as radiation, weight is lost too. The weight of energy has been pretty accurately determined in work on the radio-active elements with heavy atoms, and as it obeys an extremely simple formula there is little doubt that the same formula holds for all mass-energy transformations.

Eddington had calculated the central temperature of the sun at about ten million degrees, though Milne put it somewhat higher. We cannot get such temperatures in the laboratory, for obvious reasons. But a high temperature means rapid random movement of atoms, and we can get atoms moving, though not at random, at speeds corresponding to these great temperatures. Cockcroft and Walton were the first to do so, by passing a current with half a million volts electromotive force through hydrogen in a near-vacuum.

Under these circumstances atomic nuclei collide with such violence as to be transformed. Some of these transformations involve a loss of mass and a giving out of energy in vast amounts. More accurately some of the mass and energy associated with the particles gets loose, and appears as motion of the particles and as radiation. These transformations only occur at huge temperatures, just as coal does not burn below a red heat. Gradually Atkinson, Bethe, Gamow, and others worked out a theory of the liberation of energy in the sun, based on the actual results of experiments such as those of Cockcroft and Walton.

The essential energy-liberating reaction seems to be the transformation of hydrogen into helium. This does not take place directly, save to a slight extent. The actual process appears to be the successive addition of three hydrogen nuclei to a carbon nucleus, giving an overweight nitrogen nucleus. A fourth collision with hydrogen increases its mass still further, and it divides into a normal carbon nucleus and a helium nucleus. In fact the carbon acts as a catalyst, speeding the reaction up.

At the present rate of shining, our sun's store of hydrogen would last about ten thousand million years. Towards the end of this time it should, rather paradoxically, get hotter, and finally perhaps explode as a Nova. However, physicists are

getting more cautious about calculations concerning the very remote past and future. We can only do so if we assume that the "laws of nature," i.e., the properties of matter, are unchanging. This seems to be doubtful on theoretical grounds. But just how they are changing is quite unknown. According to Milne's theory the speed of light, measured in terms of the sidereal year and a standard bar of metal, should be falling off by one two thousand millionth part per year. If this is correct our measurements are certainly not accurate enough to detect it, though Bray thinks he has detected a much bigger change.

If Milne is right chemical processes are speeding up relative to most physical processes such as the earth's rotation, and we cannot talk with any confidence about happenings more than a thousand million years or so in the past or future. Once again this does not strike me as mysterious. Eternal and unchanging laws are merely human attempts to ascribe to nature some of the alleged attributes of God. A human society whose laws were eternal would be mysterious in the sense that it had supernatural foundations, as catholics believe to be the case. So would a nature with unchanging laws. However, we shall have to know a good deal more about its contemporary laws before we know how, if at all, they are changing. But it seems likely that we shall be able to escape from the dilemma that either the universe had a beginning and will have an end, or else it is merely a repetition of rather well-worn themes, including the rise and decline of species of thinking animals. It looks as if the universe will turn out to have a real history, but no beginning or end in the sense of a first or last event.

For such reasons as these, then, I believe that the universe should appear less mysterious to-day than ten years ago to anyone who tries to follow the development of physics. It is more complicated than it seemed, but that is a very different matter. The Newtonian universe was only intelligible as a machine created and set in motion by a creator who then left it alone. The universe of modern physics is something which develops, like its component parts, and for that very reason is intelligible if one regards change and development as fundamental realities.

J. B. S. HALDANE

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## THIS ENGLAND

**Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to D. Lister.**

**All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.**

While positive statements from official sources are lacking, serious observers here are inclined to credit a conjecture which does sufficient justice to much of the information from unsuspected sources which otherwise would be contradictory.—*Times.*

With the approaching butter rationing, why not give margarine a more attractive name? I suggest "butterine" or "art butter." This would help the proud housewife out of her difficulty.—Letter in the *Daily Express.*

Miss Ellen Wilkinson, M.P., wants to know what social rank a girl needs to help to grow Britain's food. She wants to know, too, whether heads of the Women's Land Army know enough about the land, about armies and how to manage them. Lady Denman is honorary chairman of the army. She certainly knows something about the land. She is president of the Ladies' Golf Union, and has always been devoted to outdoor sports.—*Daily Express.*

I thought in 1935 that Hitler valued peace above everything . . .
—Lord Rothermere, reported in the *Times.*

Biscuit as Token.—Lady Elphinstone, the Queen's sister, accepted a plain digestive biscuit yesterday as a token of the occasion when she opened a Y.M.C.A. canteen in the Waverley Station, Edinburgh, for men of the Forces.—*Sunday Times.*

## NAMES

"HALF the troubles in the world to-day," I heard an aged philosopher saying in a saloon-bar the other night, "are the result of people changing their names. Look at Hitler. If Adolf's father hadn't changed his name from Schicklgruber to Hitler, do you think Adolf would ever have been the power he is in Germany to-day? Can you conceive a whole nation holding up its arms and shouting 'Heil, Schicklgruber'? I can't imagine our old friend Goering, who is said to have a sense of humour, going into the presence and shouting 'Heil, Schicklgruber!' without a broad grin on his face. Our little friend Goebbels, too, they say, has a sense of fun, and I fancy he would have turned down 'Heil, Schicklgruber!' as an impossible slogan to put across the German people. Certainly, Adolf's father did Europe a bad turn when he changed the family name. He did something without which National Socialism would have been impossible. A Schicklgruber could never have become a demigod.

"Then take Russia. All Russians seem to have changed their names in the last forty or fifty years. I should think there must be more aliases in Russia to the square mile than in any other country on earth. And the terrible fact is the thing has worked. Men who, if they had stuck to their own names, would probably have been quiet little chaps, content to jog along with their vodka and their samovars, have become emperors without the title and the equals of the Caesars. Vladimir Ilitch Ulianoff isn't a bad name, but it's the name of a low-spirited lover in a Turgenev novel, not of a revolutionary who could shake civilisation. It's my sober conviction that Bolshevism was born on the day on which Ulianoff changed his name to Lenin. There you have a name with magic in it, even for people outside Russia—a name like forked lightning.

"And the name Stalin is even more a case in point. Under his own name he could no more have become Dictator of the Union of Soviet Republics than I could become Emperor of China. You know what his real name is? Joseph Vissarionovich Djugashvili. Can you imagine boys and girls at Oxford or Cambridge making a god of a man called Joseph Vissarionovich Djugashvili? I can't. It's a nice name, but too long and too local for a Communist Dictator. The workers of the world couldn't even pronounce it, much less unite under it. Believe me, Ribbentrop would never have gone to Moscow to ask for a pact with Joseph Vissarionovich Djugashvili. But the name Stalin frightened the Germans. It suggested a sword held over their heads, and they had to come to terms with it. That explains the present situation in Europe. Do you yourself seriously believe that Europe could have been plunged into war by a pact between a Schicklgruber and a Djugashvili? I don't. It was the change of names that did the trick. Primitive man was right in his belief in the magic influence of names."

"It's your idea, then," I asked him, "that a change of name is always dangerous and that it somehow transforms a man and gives him a sort of magical power over other people?"

"I wouldn't say it's always dangerous," he replied, "but I think it's usually dangerous if the man with the changed name is in politics. You may remember that the history of the Roman Empire, which must have been an infernal nuisance to all sorts of quiet, decent people in Europe, Africa and Asia, begins with a man who changed his name. I often think that, if Augustus had remained plain Gaius Octavius, the Empire couldn't have lasted long. And that would have saved the world from another name-changer, master Nero, whose original name, you may remember, was Lucius Domitius Ahenobarbus. Go through history and you will find that a change of name nearly always means trouble. Why do you think England has had such a comparatively happy history—a history, at least, of peace at home and steady, if rather slow, progress? In my opinion this is largely due to the fact that she has been governed for generations by men who kept their

own names and never hid behind aliases. Pitt was Pitt and Gladstone was Gladstone. You may say that in England the titles system often results in a change of name—that of a Cecil becomes a Salisbury, and a Stewart a Castlereagh, but the change of name here is not complete. Peers do not discard their family names; even when they take an extra name themselves, it is the family name that they give their children. I admit, mind you, that titles do harm, but only in a small way; they don't cause serious trouble. As a matter of fact, in England a man who becomes a duke and changes his name to the name of a county is much less likely to head a violent revolution than a man who remains a commoner under the name he was given in baptism."

All this talk about the danger of changing names rather surprised me. In literary history most of the authors who changed their names seemed to me to have done wisely. George Eliot is surely a more fitting name for the author of *Adam Bede* than Mary Ann Evans, and Anthony Hope (minus the Hawkins) is the perfect name for the inventor of the *Dolly Dialogues*, Molière, Voltaire, John Strange Winter—how appropriate the names were in every instance!

To my mind it is only just that if a man does not like the name that he bears and in the choice of which he was not consulted, he should be allowed to change it. After all, a man who is allowed to choose his tie and his socks should surely be allowed to choose his name. It is one of the decorations with which he goes about the world, and he ought to be permitted to adorn himself with nomenclature to his taste.

This is especially so in the matter of Christian names. Many people dislike their Christian names. Williams wish they had been called George, and Arthur may feel aggrieved at not having been called Archibald. I suspect that the Œdipus complex, which Freud attributed to sex, is really the result of the fury of sons against fathers for having given them names they loathe. In my opinion, baptismal names should be valid up till the age of fourteen, after which boys and girls should be allowed to choose whatever names take their fancy.

Yet how hard it must be for a sympathetic son to cast off the name bestowed on him by his parents! With what loving care they chose it! How they felt that, in so naming him, they were giving him a good send-off in life! No one could read Professor Ernest Weekley's new and most enjoyable study of Christian names, *Jack and Jill* (Murray, 5s.), without appreciating the incessant thoughtfulness of parents in the choice of their children's names. Imagine the splendour of vision with which parents first named their children after the angels—Gabriel and Michael—a splendour that was to the Puritans mere blasphemy. The Puritans, too, however, were profoundly convinced of the importance of names, and sent their children into the world as characters in the Bible, bearing such names as Melchizedek, Shadrach, and Azariah. "On the village green," says a writer quoted by Professor Weekley, "every prophet, from Isaiah to Malachi, might be seen of an evening playing leapfrog." Even in the middle of the nineteenth century there was an old lady living in Hampshire called "Mrs. Mahershalalhashbaz Bradford."

Other parents have attempted to thrust greatness on their children by giving them the names of Christian saints or the heroes of Greek and Roman history. It was in much the same spirit that during recent wars many parents called their children after famous generals and battlefields. I wonder, however, what the parents were up to who in 1880 called their daughter Anna Bertha Cecilia Diana Emily Fanny Gertrude Hypatia Inez Jane Kate Louise Maud Nora Ophelia Quince Rebecca Starkey Teresa Ulysis Venus Winifred Xenophon Yetty Zeno Pepper. Professor Weekley thinks this is probably the record number of names ever given to a girl. Perhaps that was what the parents were after.

Whether the many names quoted by Professor Weekley had much or any influence on their possessors I do not know. He does not even tell us what happened in later life to the twins who were christened Cain and Abel. I should like to meet my friend of the saloon-bar again and go fully into the question whether in private life names make any difference. As regards public life I am for the moment inclined to agree with him and to believe that, what has for good and all been achieved by Herr Hitler, could never in this world have been achieved by Herr Schickelgruber.

Y. Y.

# Miscellany

## THE FLAKING PINEAPPLE

THE vacant house, grey stone pock-marked and louring,
In the valley stood,
Through long years patched and tinkered with and garnished
As architects thought good.

Gate-posts, a Regency addition, flaunted—
Ridiculous sublime!—
A crinkled pineapple of stone, now flaking,
To challenge Time.

A weathered board hung out its gothic legend
Of tarnished gold,
*This Old Historic Property*, et cetera,
*To be Let (long lease) or Sold.*

The garden, cared for once, had run to riot,
Nettles and grass in flower,
While, straggling, here and there an evening primrose
Still told the hour.

Beyond it rolled an effortless upland, seeming
As near its birth
As when the sun and stars first looked upon it,
Before man came on earth.

Oh, whether take the house, and late redeem it,
Or, so unkempt, defiled,
Resign this desperate hope, this civilisation,
To the manless wild!

G. ROSTREVOR HAMILTON

## HOMAGE

ONÉSIME CLOU was a clerk in a big factory.

The managing director never bowed to him, never said, "Good morning." Why? When Onésime met the director in the street, he would bow respectfully low; but the other never even noticed him.

Onésime drew out his life's savings, and bought a paltry wreath at the florist's; he bargained with the undertaker.

Next day, as the managing director left the factory, he met a funeral followed only by a dog. He felt pity for those who live and die alone. With a sweep of his hat he paid homage to the lonely hearse.

Through a hole in the side of the coffin, Onésime could see the sun shining on the director's bald head.

JEAN DE NÉVEUR

## THE WEDDING

HE clutched his mother's hand tightly in his small fist. The village was in holiday array—streamers, flags, and garlands of flowers were hanging across the street from house to house. The mugs of beer cut fantastic capers as they darted from the bars to the tables like big, velvety bees.

The grey stone fountain stood aloof from the decorations. The little boy had always been fond of it. Climbing up on to the ledge, he drank the clear cold water which talked to him softly like an old friend.

His mother was calling him. What a harsh voice she had! He jumped down and ran to her. Together they entered the church for the wedding.

The nave was overflowing, the pews were full of old maids. The dim, shoddy atmosphere was heavy with the odour of incense, melting wax, and rotting oaken chests.

The little boy watched it all with profound interest.

That evening at supper, his father asked: "Well, sonny, did you have a nice afternoon?"

The child laughed. "You know, Daddy, it was so funny, Mummy took me to a wedding in the Zoo; I sat among a lot of crows and vultures, the bride was a cat, and the bridegroom a dog, and an old black rook gave them the ring in his beak. Instead of Mummy, there was a nanny-goat snivelling into a handkerchief."

"That's enough!" cried the mother. "The child's imagination is positively unhealthy!"

The little boy began to cry, and his father, stroking his hair, upset the coffee on the clean table-cloth.

JEAN DE NÉVEUR

## THE ARTIST AND HIS PUBLIC

MR. GRAHAM BELL, who has just published a sixpenny tract, *The Artist and his Public*, with the Hogarth Press, is not the first good painter to write nonsense about his mystery, nor is he likely to be the last. Indeed, the thesis might be sustained that only inferior painters write well about painting; Vasari, for instance, and Sir Joshua Reynolds and Fromentin: more modern instances I forbear to cite. As, besides being one of the most promising painters in England, Mr. Bell is intelligent and can write, if now he has distressed us with five-and-twenty pages of foolishness the fault should be with his theme rather than his native gifts. And so it is: adequately to treat the subject chosen are requisite knowledge and an open mind, neither of which Mr. Bell appears to possess. The relation of the artist to the society in which he lives is a question not to be discussed without reference to a mass of artistic, historical and sociological evidence. It is necessary to have seen many works of art of many ages and countries, and of those ages and countries to know something of the political and social history. Our author does not appear to have seen many pictures or to have read many books. Moreover, being, as he calls it, a "scientific socialist," which, if one happens to be a painter in the Euston Road is called being a "social-realist," he has orders, down whatever road he chance to stray, to end at Moscow. He reminds one a little of a curate entangled in the higher criticism: just as the dogmas of the Church had got somehow to come out on top, so, in the end, whatever may be amiss with art must turn out to be the fault of those wicked capitalists.

It is a pity that Mr. Graham Bell should have selected the story of Rembrandt as the classic example of a persevering social-realist ruined by the snobbish vagaries of bourgeois taste. According to him:

> "Rembrandt painted with force, realism and a high degree of finish" . . . but his patrons, having taken to culture and aestheticism, "wanted to be made into aristocrats. . . . They wanted pictures in the French style with a stiff dash of Frenchified sensibility. They had become, in fact, connoisseurs of art, and their snobbism had introduced a prejudice into their attitude to painting. They were no longer content to patronise a truthful and skilful painter. *While lesser painters changed their style to suit the new aesthetics, Rembrandt would not change.*" (My italics.)

The true story is rather different. For a dozen years and more Rembrandt painted what his public liked — "truthful," "skilful" and stodgy portraits, in which his genius is lost almost. Somewhere about the year 1640 he seems to have felt that realism, social-realism even, was not enough; that art was a matter not of depiction but of expression. He became "aesthetic" in fact, and his pictures ceased to be what his customers considered "like." Unfortunately, at this very moment he was commissioned to paint a portrait-group of the civic guards commanded by no less a captain than Banning Cocq, Lord of Purmerland. Naturally, his mind being full of his new aesthetic ideas, the artist painted, not the row of speaking-likenesses which his patrons and the public expected, but one of the most marvellous compositions in chiaroscuro that the world has ever seen. Not less naturally the subscribers were disappointed, seeing that only two out of a score were visible in all their glory, while some could hardly be recognised even by their nearest and dearest. What they felt about it was very much what the Aston Villa footballers would feel if they were painted by Matisse instead of being "taken" by an expert photographer. Rembrandt lost his market; and he lost it, not because "he would not change his style," but because he would.

Such are the drawbacks of ignorance. The disadvantages of having bolted hot nostrums whole are not less. "Painting, like most other forms of art, is decadent to-day, and decadent because of the basic untruth in the capitalist system." The devil it is: Renoir, Degas, Monet are not twenty-five years dead; Bonnard, Vuillard, Rouault, Roussel, Matisse, Sickert, Maillol are still alive; Picasso, Utrillo, Braque, Duncan Grant, Dufresne, Segonzac, Vanessa Bell, Nash, Derain, Dobson and Despiau are not old as painters go; Bérard, Masson, Mirò, Pasmore, Balthus, Coldstream and Graham Bell himself are young. Anyhow the nineteenth and early twentieth century—the latest age of which we can speak with confidence—is reckoned by friend and foe the great age of industrial capitalism: it is also one of the greatest ages of European painting. To what extent this magnificent efflorescence was a result of industrial capitalism is the sort of question which a writer on the relation of artist to public should discuss, and which Mr. Graham Bell, by reason of ignorance and prejudice, is unable to discuss usefully. He can tell us only that "the middle-class ulcer has spread its poison and the people are descending into apathy."

We may assume that the artist is influenced by his public, though even that is not proved. Mr. Graham Bell knows somehow that if the public consists of capitalists its influence will be baneful. Rich and cultivated patrons will impose their cultured and purse-proud whims on the artist. The artist, therefore, will be unfree. But is it quite clear that absolute freedom is good for artists? The strait-waistcoat of the sonnet, the narrow pen of the Unities, by limiting the poet's range concentrated his powers. When the medieval painter had received from the conclaved canons instructions to portray the Virgin and Child supported by St. Jerome and St. Fiacre, half his problem was posed. He did not moon about the studio wondering what on earth he should paint next—a bowl of peonies with a napkin or a dish of pears with a flask; he knew what he had to do, and the only question was, how should he do it: that was problem and liberty enough. Also it may be argued that it is excess of liberty which has engendered that nastiest disease of our time—artistic snobbery. There are amateurs who will swallow anything that people calling themselves artists choose to give, as certain exhibitions at the London, the Guggenheim, and even at the Mayor Gallery, have shown. Far from giving orders, the patrons stand agog in perpetual adoration before the Emperor's new clothes.

Against this theory, that excessive liberty is bad for artists, stands the impressive example of the Nineteenth Century. The great French masters were free: they painted whatever caught their fancy and later tried to sell what they had done. That, in my judgment, is a sufficient answer to the strait-waistcoateers. But there is something more to be said. The effective public of the Impressionists—always supposing that the public has an effect—happened to consist of ideal patrons. They were the product of Capitalism and Democracy, of the French revolution and the Industrial. The abundance and wide dissemination of wealth created a huge class of lightly taxed *rentiers*, of people who could afford from time to time to buy an inexpensive picture. In the later nineteenth century there were so many of them that a few were bound to be men and women of taste. These could appreciate the great artists

of their day without grovelling, and knew what they were about when occasionally they bought a picture: they bought because they enjoyed and understood. Meanwhile, the very rich and modish and silly—the stuff of which snobs are made—remained for the most part indifferent, and therefore harmless.

The ideal patron, the small, discriminating *rentier*, is doomed, they say; and who is to take his place? Everybody, they reply. In that case one would suppose the most hopeful policy would be to educate everybody's taste; for taste can be educated. Mr. Graham Bell will not hear of it: cultivated taste is bourgeois and unorthodox. Some say—trust the people; the common man knows what he likes. If exhibitions of contemporary Russian painting and sculpture do truly represent, as their promoters have claimed, the likings of common men, the one thing they prove is that the common man does not like art. Of all possible publics the great uneducated, the general public, is the worst: to be more exact, for the artist it is no public at all. So it seems likely enough that before long the artist will be without a public, or, at any rate, without patrons; for, though doubtless those who take it on themselves to give the people what is good for them will give them pictures and statues, doubtless these will have nothing to do with art. It does not follow on that account that art will cease to exist. If born artists are allowed a little leisure and energy it will not. But what effect on them the elimination of patrons will have no man can tell—not even a scientific socialist.

CLIVE BELL

# MUSIC AND THE MAN

THE publication of an English translation of Annette Kolb's book on Mozart* has started a fresh discussion of Mozart's personality. Mr. Ernest Newman on two successive Sundays has just devoted his well-known columns to this subject, but the picture he draws of Mozart's character is bewilderingly remote from being recognisable by those who have studied the facts of Mozart's life and his voluminous correspondence.

For some reason Mr. Newman does not like Mozart the man, and it would surprise me if he could convince me that he had more than a technical admiration of Mozart's music. He would probably, in defence, start by asserting that the music was one thing and the man another, for I suspect him of holding the heresy that there need be no connection between the artist and his work. Was it not written of Wagner in a biography by a well-known musician that against Wagner the musician no stone can be thrown, but the less said about Wagner the man the better? I believe that what distinguishes genius from talent is an integrating force that makes for a unity and universality so comprehensive that we call both the man and his work great—as we do not do with minor artists. It is even likely that in the latter their gift is due to some limitation or lack in the man or to a divided personality.

But perhaps Mr. Newman's dislike of Mozart is due to his fondness for Archbishops, because most of his condemnation of Mozart is on his treatment of the Archbishop of Salzburg. Nearly all Mozart's biographers and critics have been of the opinion that the Archbishop treated Mozart very badly, but Mr. Newman thinks that it was Mozart who was the offender, and declares that a cross-examination in court could show "an excellent case for the theory that Mozart thoroughly deserved the kicking-out he got from Count Arco," and that Mozart's manners and habits of speech were "impossible." Mr. Newman loves a psychological problem—even when it doesn't exist. But then perhaps, all love is an illusion. Plunging into what Mr. Newman describes as "the difficult problem of Mozart's personality," he concludes:

> The explanation probably is that there was something about him that made well-bred people drop him almost as soon as they had taken him up. His manners and his authentic portraits (?) suggest what that something was—manners so bad that even the higher social world (the world of Archbishops!) could not endow them with a temporary varnish, and not only a roughness but a coarseness of speech that made him "impossible."

Now, there is not a scrap of evidence (except his resentment against the Archbishop) to show that Mozart had bad manners. On the contrary, everything suggests just the opposite. And if "bad manners" were the explanation why well-bred people dropped him, why did these "well-bred" people not drop Beethoven, whose manners were notoriously bad? The fact is that it was Mozart who dropped the well-bred people. This is the fact, strange if you like, which explains a great deal in the man. Even Mr. Newman's prejudices cannot blind him to some facts about Mozart. He points out that:

> He was not at all like the simpering darling of the gods that the older biographers and critics and conductors tried to make of him. He was as hard as steel and as corrosive as acid.

This is certainly true, but one might expect a man of genius with a character so tough to be an extraordinary success in the world, especially when, as is so evident both from his letters and his operas, that Mozart was a realist who understood men and women and had moved in the world since childhood, knew it as thoroughly as Beaumarchais or Molière and had no illusion about either the princes or the people. Why, then, was he a complete worldly failure? There is a simple answer. Mozart hated the world, and had in him a vein of stark realism and independence that made him very unpopular. There is not a little resemblance between Mozart and Swift, who was fobbed off with a deanery by his patrons as Mozart was by the Emperor, who gave him a beggarly pittance while other and inferior musicians were loaded with money and honours.

If you ask me why neither Mozart nor Swift could be successful diplomats although men of such acute intelligence and profound understanding of human nature, I have a ready answer. Both had too much energy of mind. The coarseness which is common to both, the sexual vitality which Mr. Newman so much dislikes in Mozart, are bound up with that energy which made Mozart and Swift downright, scornful and unpleasant in society. It is quite clear that Mozart preferred low life to the surface gentility of society. A man who loved life with the passionate intensity evident in Mozart's music could never have conformed habitually to the conventional humbug necessary in those days, when a musician was considered by the aristocracy as little better than a lackey.

Mr. Newman talks about the "licence which Mozart in moments of temper allowed his common Salzburg tongue." But it was not coarseness of speech or licence of tongue in the ordinary sense which made Mozart disliked. In mere coarseness and licence he would have had many rivals among the members of the aristocracy in those days. Such speech was more likely to have made him popular, for there has never been anything so despised by the aristocracy of all periods as a genteel and mealy-mouthed way of speaking. To speak plainly has always been an aristocratic virtue. No, what they disliked in Mozart was his inability to think them better than he was, his biting sarcastic remarks, his passion for saying the unpleasant thing and, above all, his lack of interest in their company. Like Mozart, Beethoven also withdrew from the world, but he had had the luck to find three men who had settled a pension upon him. In his latter days, however, he was never seen in Vienna aristocratic circles. Like Mozart, he had other things to think about.

W. J. TURNER

* *Mozart*. By Annette Kolb. Gollancz. 16*s*.

# PLAYS AND PICTURES

### "Turn Up the Lights," at the Unity Theatre.

Fans of the Babes in the Wood, the Wicked Uncle, and the Fairy Wish-Fulfilment will be glad to know that they are reappearing, if only briefly, in the Unity's new Revue. Not quite up to the Pantomime standard throughout, the show contains several things in it well worth the long journey to Goldington Street. *Jingo*, *Nothing but the Truth*, *Lullabies* and above all *Ladies in Uniform*, "Officers and Gentlewomen, too." An easy target, perhaps; but there are plenty of easy targets about at which the Censor, good taste, or good business, stops the satirist shooting, and we are

lucky to have a theatre like Unity which cares for none of these things. Some of the longer sketches, especially those which have to be taken slowly, hang fire a little; but the music is good, the satire sharp and there are two excellent finales where the ensembles are particularly well managed; and, in the first, a song which is genuinely rousing without being blatant—no small achievement.

**Ram Gopal, at the Vaudeville.**

It is one of the happier fortunes of war which has brought us that fine artist Ram Gopal and his company of Hindu musicians and dancers so soon after their last season's success. They have not rested on their laurels; not only are the old numbers still better than before, but the programme is enriched by several new dances of ravishing beauty. One is Ram Gopal's *Ashvin Nrittya*, "Dance of a sky-fairy," a masterpiece of delicate phrasing and subtle movement, and of exquisite pictorial effect, another the tempestuous Sohan Lal's "Hunter's Dance," in Kathakali style, which is overwhelming in its concentrated drama and vertiginous rhythm, and shows the astounding acrobatic technique of self-defence formerly practised in Malabar by the same Nayar warrior-caste who are now the chief practitioners of the Kathakali dance-drama. The beautiful Indo-European Chandra Vali has emerged as a soloist, and though she is still far from having attained the bodily eloquence of that strange and fascinating Javanese dancer Retna Mohini, who is fortunately still in the company, she is already very good in dances which demand less suppleness than grandeur of pose. The orchestra is enriched by one or two excellent drummers and the flutist Keshan Dhorda is better than ever. We only wish away a rather inadequate version of a classical Javanese dance, the lighting effects of *Deevali Puja* and the backcloth of *Ras Leela*. One would like to do more than thank Ram Gopal for lightening our darkness, but it needs space to analyse his performance, for its beauty is profound and complicated.

**"Over the Moon," at the Odeon.**
**"Rulers of the Sea," at the Plaza.**

*Over the Moon*, Alexander Korda's latest offering, encroaches on what should be strictly American film territory, namely, the Technicolor glamour production. It tells the story of a girl who reads penny novelettes, and although she loves the local doctor, longs to be kissed by a Count. She is very poor and has to wait on her own servants, but luckily she inherits £18,000,000, which gives her and the audience the opportunity of experiencing all the delights of penny novelette existence. She buys expensive clothes, gives a party to "everybody" in London, is kissed by several titled people, and exasperates the doctor, who prefers her, not without reason, minus the £18,000,000. Having exhausted the resources of London she gambles at Monte Carlo and goes ski-ing in Switzerland. By this time it has begun to dawn on her that money does not mean happiness, a point which the film had long ago made crystal clear; so she finds her doctor again and takes him off, third class, to Venice and a happy ending. Colour photography in its strangest and most iridescent mood adds to the nightmare quality of the film and further hampers the cast (Merle Oberon, Rex Harrison and Zena Dare) by giving them brick-red complexions.

In an atmosphere of "whuskey," "parridge," ochs and ayes, purporting to be Scottish, *Rulers of the Sea* depicts the final struggle between sail and steam for supremacy at sea. Everyone laughs when the *Dog Star*, a coastal vessel equipped with a new type of steam engine, sets out to cross the Atlantic. Rough weather, engine trouble and lack of fuel nearly defeat progress, but with the assistance of Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, seconded by Margaret Lockwood and Will Fyffe, the ship reaches New York and steam wins the day. Sailing ships and high seas provide some lovely photographs.

**Modern English and French Paintings at the City Literary Institute, Stukeley Street, Holborn.**

The British Institute of Adult Education has organised this exhibition, which remains open till 8 p.m., admission free. The purpose is to attract a public that does not frequent the ordinary West-End shows; and guide-lecturers are present to help visitors to enjoy the pictures. Only very stupid persons can believe that for the appreciation of art no training is necessary. Would not even these agree that knowledge and experience are required in order to enjoy a cricketer's style or to judge a horse? And do they imagine that Raphael and Poussin were less complicated mechanisms than Bradman or Solario? The B.B.C. had arranged an elaborate series of explanatory talks on painting, which regrettably—dare one say unwisely?—have been cancelled. The British Institute of Adult Education has arranged this exhibition with a similar admirable purpose. Mrs. Cora Gordon, who has selected and hung the pictures, deserves congratulation upon her courage and energy. She has borrowed from well-known collectors, from dealers and from painters a number of excellent paintings. It must be admitted, however, that the exhibition shows all the signs of improvisation. To interest a new public in contemporary art, is a tricky business, for which very careful preparation would be necessary. No picture should be admitted unless conspicuous for some particular virtue, and the exhibits might be arranged in groups, conspicuous for composition, handling, vitality, sensibility, etc. The large and miscellaneous collection of small paintings in Stukeley Street may well confuse the innocent beginner. But even the incoherence of this show could be made useful, if care was taken to discover which pictures were found most attractive, and which most incomprehensible, by apprentice connoisseurs. (Perhaps the aid of Mass Observation could be enlisted for this object?) Experience would probably show that of equally good works by the same artist, some would be much more easily liked than others. On the data thus provided a second exhibition could be arranged, which would lead the public from pictures quickly accessible, towards those that are less obviously inviting. Meanwhile, this exhibition contains a large number of characteristic works by many of our best painters.

**Pictures and Drawings at Agnew's.**

This exhibition would give to an interested foreign visitor a very fair notion of contemporary English painting. There are some conspicuous omissions: thus there is nothing by Frances Hodgkin, Graham Sutherland, William Coldstream, Henry Moore, John Piper or Winifred Nicholson. But the show runs from Wilson Steer to Ivon Hitchens. Sickert is at his most charming in a theatre-scene, at his strongest in a portrait. Vanessa Bell shows two specially delicate Still Lives (27 and 84), and a very large painting of a figure on a Mediterranean terrace. This would be a wise purchase for the Tate. The beautifully painted foreground is worthy of Bonnard at his best, the general disposition and colour arrangement is bold and thoughtful. Occasional clots of paint may interfere a little with one's enjoyment, because they leap out of the canvas with no evident purpose. But the picture justifies its size and makes a magnificent effect. Mr. Duncan Grant in his picture of St. Paul's brings off wonderfully a scheme of khakis and purples. The tilt in the lantern above the Dome may be an optical illusion, but it is rather distracting. Mr. Matthew Smith shows a good picture in his rather too customary style. Mr. Pasmore's *Music Party* is the prettiest but faintest of hints—the squaring is more conspicuous than the paint. Mr. Ethelbert White shows the best of his pictures we have seen, Mr. Moynihan's Portrait (72) is brilliant, Mr. Gowing's *Willows in Essex* is admirably painted and composed. Mr. du Plessis, Mr. Morland Lewis, Mr. Graham Bell, Mr. Tibble, Mr. Allan Gwynne-Jones, Mr. Arnold Mason, Miss N. Macnamara and Mr. Keith Baynes (with two highly accomplished flower-pieces) are well represented. The pleasantest surprise in the exhibition is a group of pictures by Mr. Quentin Bell, who exhibits very rarely. Two of these are variations on the theme of Still Life in front of an oval looking-glass. The contrast in composition shows that Mr. Bell is a thoughtful painter; but the quality in him that one specially welcomes is gusto. His bold, sumptuous style—does one detect a faint influence of Dufresne?—is particularly welcome, when studio fashion is sacrificing every other quality to a cautious Whistlerian suggestiveness. Mr. Quentin Bell can place objects in spatial relation with great certainty—look at the small Still Life—and the quality of his paint is highly appetising; but his great merit is his "sweep." He paints with a rare, Vanbrugh-like exuberance. Most English painters are so frightened of vulgarity that they relapse into understatement, but Mr. Bell's masculine attack is as encouraging as Mr. Churchill's last broadcast. The watercolours in the exhibition are disappointing, and seem to have been picked by a judge not only more conservative but less discriminating.

## THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, November 18th—

G. D. H. Cole: "The Decline of Capitalist Enterprise," Conway Hall, 2.15.

Recital by Carl Dolmetsch, Wigmore Hall, 3.15.

SUNDAY, November 19th—
Prof. T. H. Pear: "Is Psychology Becoming Inhuman?" Conway Hall, 11.
Beecham Sunday Concert, Queens Hall, 2.45.
Popular Concert, Irene Eisinger, Pauline Juler, Blech Quartet, Embassy Theatre, 3.

TUESDAY, November 21st—
China Campaign Committee Luncheon Lecture. Mrs. Wai-tsung New Hsia: "Chinese Women in Wartime," Young's Chinese Restaurant, Wardour Street, 1. Tickets 2s. 6d. from Abbey 2882.
Hon. Harold Nicolson: "Hitler's Opportunity and the Reasons for his Successes," Birkbeck College, 1.15.
"The Firebrand," Grafton Theatre.
"Judgment Day," Phoenix.

WEDNESDAY, November 22nd—
Prof. J. B. S. Haldane: "Poison Gases," Birkbeck College, 1.15.
Everyman's Concert, Rudolf Steiner Hall, 3.

THURSDAY, November 23rd—
C. E. M. Joad: "Civilisations, their Growth and Decay," Birkbeck College, 1.15.
Royal Philharmonic Society Concert, Queens Hall, 2.30.
London Rally of I.L.P. Subject: "Stop the War by a Socialist Peace." Speakers: James Maxton, Dr. C. A. Smith, and Fenner Brockway. Conway Hall, 7.30.

# Correspondence

## PEACE AIMS

SIR,—After the broadcasts of Lord Halifax and Mr. Winston Churchill, is there any use in continuing this correspondence? Mr. Wilfred Wellock has stated the case comprehensively as a question of political philosophy; and I have dealt with a few points on the same level. We might just as well have offered the War Cabinet a set of equations in the tensor calculus. Our appeal for a Conference has been taken up by Queen Wilhelmina and King Leopold and may be left in their hands. Meanwhile our oligarchy, without the ghost of a mandate from the nation, has started a fight with Germany. We are all in the fight, whether we like it or not; and we have no choice of sides: it is a case of My country, right or wrong, because when the shooting begins it is a case of Myself, right or wrong. However plain it may be to me that Lord Halifax's broadcast never for a moment contacted with the facts of British history and the distinctive features (if any) of British national character, however I may agree with Mr. Gerald Heard that Mr. Churchill is suffering from an excess of adrenalin and a deficiency in psychological training, I cannot get a gun and shoot at everybody in a British uniform: I must strive for a British win as if I were the rabidest of Jingoes.

Lord Halifax's broadcast was the very thing for home consumption. It was inspiring, stimulating, comforting, encouraging, and perfectly sincere. There is nothing so sincere as national self-flattery. Lord Halifax laid it on like an artist: keg after keg of the very best British margarine. He promised us victory; for as we are the just made perfect and our enemies are sinners, God is on our side and we cannot lose. We can handle our bayonets and drop our bombs with a clear conscience and an undaunted courage. And that is exactly what a broadcast in wartime ought to do for us.

But such speeches must not be heard abroad. To me, an Irishman, Lord Halifax was quite simply funny, although there was no hostility in my mirth; for I knew (what no foreigner can be expected to know) that Lord Halifax, brought up in carefully prepared ignorance of the real history of his country, believed all he said. But to a Frenchman it was another sample of the inveterate hypocrisy which the French have set down, quite erroneously, as the leading feature of the English character. To an angry German under the spell of Herr Hitler's eloquence, it was an outburst of impudent and murderous mendacity. Fortunately, the number of English-speaking French and German listeners-in must have been negligible. On the whole, a first-rate speech of its kind; only we must remember that it would not go down in Geneva.

Mr. Churchill's broadcast was quite as good in its different way as a call to battle. It had plenty of invective, an indispensable ingredient in battle oratory. When Herr Hitler took back the Polish Corridor he challenged us to wring his neck, if we dared; and Mr. Churchill is going to do it, no matter what it costs. That makes me feel like a schoolboy again, a schoolboy who has received "the coward's blow" and is not going to let the smiter get away with it. In this mood we feel that the cowards may prate about the horrors of war until they are black in the face, if we wring Herr Hitler's neck it will be worth all the horrors; for it will prove that nobody can wring ours. This is a very exhilarating part of human nature; and far be it from me to pretend that my nature is superhuman. I do not share Mr. Churchill's belief that Herr Hitler is weighed down by a presentiment of defeat produced by a guilty conscience: I rather suspect him of a Messianic confidence in his star; for hardly any man could have such a chain of successes as he without coming to think himself invincible; so if we really expect him to play Telramund to our Lohengrin, we shall probably be disillusioned; but we may none the less be victorious if Stalin will let us.

At all events, the speeches of Lord Halifax and Mr. Churchill make up for that of Mr. Eden, who gave us his personal guarantee of victory on a survey of the European field which omitted Russia, and a picture of a unanimous British Empire which omitted India. The oftener we are assured we shall win the happier we shall feel; but the comforter should not leave out the difficulties too obviously. Garibaldi, offering his Italians "starvation, wounds, and death," was really more inspiring than Mr. Eden, though I would not have had him go quite so far as the British officer who cried "Forward, Englishmen. Your widows will all have pensions."

I wish I could, as Romain Rolland suggested during the last war, *planer au dessus de la mêlée*, but the income-tax demands on my desk, and the fact that the black-out blacks me in after sunset, forbids any such possibility.

At least, however, I can stop writing useless letters about war aims. There are now no war aims, and can be none, except the aim of winning the fight. We have no mercy to expect if we lose it. If we do, presumably a Potsdam Peace Conference will divide these islands into four independent republics, with a German army of occupation at Aldershot to collect an indemnity running into billions from the English one. So, on the whole, we had better not lose it, though whether Providence will take that view is doubtful. The prospect is not tempting; for if we lose we shall be bled white by the victors, and if we win

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we shall have to bleed ourselves white, having already, in ten weeks, bled ourselves rather yellow, and achieved that old bugbear of Socialism, the breaking-up of the family. No matter: the human race will take all that in its stride; and some very interesting things may turn up in the course of the conflict. In war it is the unexpected that happens: who would have expected in 1914 that the main upshot would be the triumph of Bolshevism in the most backward State in Europe? Anyhow, it is idle to argue about aims and expectations; for when the war is over we shall have to settle up exactly as if there had been no war at all. If I were a gambler I should back the neutrals for the real win, with Russia and the United States neck and neck. It is an old-fashioned mistake to declare war nowadays when, like Japan in China and ourselves in Spain, one can gain all its ends under the white banner of Peace.

With Mr. Chamberlain out for a new world, Stalin in the middle of one, and Mr. Roosevelt in the thick of a new deal, with Herr Hitler struggling through the transition, the most exciting things may happen. The violent deaths of twenty million people or so is all in a modern day's work; so why should we worry about such a trifle? We are in it for all we are worth, having deliberately elected our Government, and must go ahead until the Germans—as Mr. Churchill put it when he suddenly found himself stumped for any more definite war aim—have had enough of it. Only I wish we could adopt Henry Fielding's suggestion that we should fight it out with our fists. All this hiding in the dark is humiliating; and a hit with a high-explosive shell cannot be reckoned as a fair knock-out.

G. BERNARD SHAW

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## WAR AIMS : THE NEXT STEP

SIR,—The debate between those who advocate and those who deprecate a statement of war aims represents, approximately, the struggle between those who hope that the war will bring forth a new social and international order and those who fear that it may. The latter are reinforced by those "politically" minded people who are habitually immobilised by calculations of expediency: but there is reason to believe that the advocates are in a majority (see the recent straw vote of the British Institute of Public Opinion), even though they do not include the present Cabinet. A continuation of the debate raises more dust, wins a few more advocates, suggests a few more debating points to the obstructionists and tends to produce an atmosphere of staleness. Most of those who are likely to be agreed on the desirability of an authoritative declaration of aims are already agreed: and are ready for action, for the next step.

The manifest condition of such action is the replacement of Chamberlain. Nobody alive, even inside England, let alone out, supposes for a moment that this notoriously unteachable old gentleman is suddenly going to surrender the illusions of a lifetime and conclude a peace based on recognition that the security of his country and of Europe is not to be had by yet another attempt to buttress the privileges of a small obsolescent English caste in the old Imperialist manner. Nobody supposes that a politician who for years has assiduously wooed the Fascist states to the peril of the democracies and has successfully sidetracked or manœuvred public opinion at home with the twin tactic of Sealed Lips and Faits Accomplis will suddenly be transformed into anything but a verbal champion of a genuinely democratic Europe: or that the head of an administration that sponsored last month's abortive attack on civil liberty will next month become the heaven-sent defender of the Liberal faith: or that the Big-business Tory, haunted for years by the bogyman of Communism, will ever welcome and encourage social revolution in Germany; or that the saboteur of collective security and guardian angel of the Federation of British Industries will transfer his allegiance overnight to a Federation of Europe.

Yet these objectives, in the opinion of many, or rather, it seems, in the opinion of most, are not only the sole justification for bloodshed but the sole hope of victory. And by victory I do not necessarily mean a wholesale routing and destruction of Germans, and defeat of "Germany." That may or may not be necessary. A defeat of Germany might also mean a defeat for us. Victory cannot be measured in terms of disaster for Germany, but in terms of resurrection for all of us, Germans included. That is why real victory is much likelier to come with the assistance of regenerate Germans and of neutral opinion than from bombs and blockade.

But neither Germans nor neutrals, neither of these potential allies, can be enlisted out of patriotism for England: or out of admiration for Mr. Chamberlain's well-known solicitude for a new world order. Quite bluntly, even when the Prime Minister allows himself an occasional mild rhetorical flourish in this direction, they don't believe a word of it. In the United States he is the most despised, as Hitler is the most disliked, contemporary public figure.

The logic is inescapable. We dare not carry Chamberlain and his friends any longer. But here is the odd thing. Nobody says so. Or almost nobody. At least not publicly, though private conversation is full of it. That considerable section of the press, which has hammered away nobly with the demand for a war-aims statement, is apparently like the Labour Party, so dismayed by the unusual experience of leading a popular opinion that it is paralysed out of following up its advantage and completing its job. If what it believes to be desirable is to materialise, then power must be wrested from an administration that it cannot possibly hope to convert. But why not say so? Surely here is the spot for reiteration; here is the occasion for an organised and persistent campaign. You cannot defeat Hitlerism with Chamberlainism. Therefore the first essential battle to be won in this war is on the home front. But we do not even join issue. What are we waiting for? Until some new D.O.R.A. is passed that deprives us even of the means of success?

In peace time we failed to unite for the removal of a Government whose policy of appeasement we agreed could only end in war. Are we to make the same mistake again?

Garrick Club. BENN W. LEVY

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SIR,—On pages 10–11 of Mr. Cole's THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION pamphlet, *War Aims*, he urges that it is incumbent to put forward our own terms to Hitler forthwith. We should not assume, he says, "even if Hitler is as certain to reject our terms as we are to reject his, that nothing can come of our offer. . . . To get Hitler arguing would be a big step in advance." But on pages 30–31 he remembers the policy of appeasement, and fears that Mr. Chamberlain may make a premature peace with Hitler through not being fundamentally hostile to Nazism. It is for the parties of the Left, he continues, "to exact from the Government unequivocal pledges that we will not treat for peace with the Nazis."

This illustrates the practical difficulty of being precise about our war and peace aims at the present stage. J. M. KEYNES

[Mr. Cole writes: "I see no contradiction. I wished that we should agree to go into a Conference, including neutrals; but I had no belief that the Conference could lead to any result except an exposure of Nazi impossibilism."]

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SIR,—On the assumption that most of your readers are familiar with the arguments of Mr. G. D. H. Cole's pamphlet "War Aims," may I venture a few criticisms?

Mr. Cole thinks the "best of all possible revolutions" for Germany would be one "led by much the same elements as controlled the Weimar Republic." That is, he wishes to see restored a régime similar to the one that failed to solve any of Germany's post-war problems and led straight to Hitler. Why are we to assume that the Weimar Republic 1939 vintage will succeed when the Weimar Republic 1919 vintage failed? Surely the history of post-war Europe shows one thing clearly: that a democracy that fails to seize the roots of power in a state is doomed. That, in fact, however some people might wish it to be otherwise the choice to-day is not between liberal democracy and either Bolshevism or Fascism, but between Bolshevism and Fascism. Either Capitalism must be destroyed or it will infallibly strangle Democracy. What else is the conclusion from the fate of Germany and Austria, of Italy and of Spain? That Bolshevism on the present Russian model is disfigured by certain undesirable characteristics is true enough, but it is completely unhistorical to conclude from that that Russia will never be different or that Bolshevism in any other country need necessarily follow the same development.

Mr. Cole's project for a new Federal Europe seems to be vitiated by one fundamental weakness: Before we can start to build it we have to overthrow not merely the Chamberlain Government but the whole capitalist system—a possibility which quite clearly he refuses to recognise. He seems to assume that the rival imperialisms which were responsible for the present war will *after* the war, for no reason at all, suddenly decide to change their whole method of going to work. They must surrender vital parts of their sovereignty, they must pool their colonies and administer them for the benefit of the natives, they must "work collaboratively to develop their common economic heritage."

Do we really imagine they will do anything of the kind? Fight a war to preserve these very things and then surrender them?

One can imagine that a far-sighted imperialist statesman might see great possibilities in a "Federal Europe" to delude the people once again. What more satisfactory than a pseudo-federation dominated by British industry, British capital, with the opportunity for Britain to exploit not only their own colonies but other people's in the sacred name of internationalism and with perhaps the chance one day to hurl the whole of Europe into war with America or the Soviet in the name of international freedom and law? That is the only kind of federal Europe we are likely to get while the capitalist system remains intact.

Just at the moment Mr. Cole and those who think with him are a greater danger to peace and Socialism than Mr. Chamberlain or even Herr Hitler. They are performing the classic function of Social Democrats—deluding the masses into the belief that a nice, easy, "democratic" peace is just round the corner for the asking. Mr. Cole's ideas may be comforting reading but they bear no relation to the world of 1939 and forget completely all the lessons of the past 20 years. SOCIALIST

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SIR,—Less talk about idealistic and unfortunately impossible war aims, less listening to Shaw telling us that we ought to behave as there is no earthly chance that we shall, and more realisation of what our Government's war aims—in view of their 1935–39 record—so obviously are, would do us all good. These aims (and it would seem that official Labour has a lot of sympathy with them) can be very briefly and simply stated: in Germany, get people in power who are more gentlemanly and more like British Conservatives than Hitler is, and then let's all line up against Russia.

Tregurrian. LOUIS MARLOW

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SIR,—You recently quoted a Jansenist who wrote that whatever our country and station in life we ought to believe as true what we would believe if we belonged to some other country and had some quite different station in life. That is what we must do about ourselves if we are to win this war. Victory depends on how other people, including the friends of justice in Germany and Russia, judge what we do. That is why we ought to ask ourselves what basis of fact there is behind Herr Hitler's comparison of the modest extent of the Bohemian and other Protectorates of the Reich with the huge area of the various Dependencies of the British Empire. We have no need to confess to crimes we have not committed. Not even in the "Detention" Camps where thousands of penniless men in Kenya are confined for their failure to pay the Hut Tax are men tortured. (Those men are not counted as prisoners.) Nor was all the Empire conquered by unprovoked aggression, though Rhodesia and other countries certainly were. It is simply untrue that our pot is as black as Germany's kettle. It is when we come to examine how things stand after countries become Dependencies and their inhabitants our dependents that we find how uncomfortably true the Führer's comparison is. Every Dependency has two distinctive features that mark it as a Dependency. Its common people have no influence over their Government. And those same ordinary inhabitants have a status at law inferior to that enjoyed by the resident nationals of the country to which the Dependency belongs. Both these features are as plain in many countries of the British Empire as in Bohemia. In Southern and Eastern Africa, for example, the laws forbid Africans to buy or lease land in the open market. Nor may they have shops in towns. A full list of such disabilities would be a very long one. And they are based, and justified by British Governments, exactly as are the disabilities the Germans impose on Poles and Czechs, on differences of racial origin.

The foreigners whose support we need know enough of these matters to charge us with hypocrisy in charging the Nazi regime with holding Czechs and Poles in subjection. We shall be acquitted of that charge only if our Government does three things. First it must give real self-government to those countries where the people demand it. (To refuse it because of a country's disunity is too childish a plea to need refuting.) Second, it must, in those countries where history and geography have hindered social development, do everything in its power to prepare the common people for self-government. Third, which is the test of the Government's sincerity in adopting this new policy, it must grant at once those specific liberties that now in many countries of the Empire are restricted to our own nationals. Discrimination on the ground of racial origin in the laws relating to land, taxation, trade, employment, education and the franchise, must be abolished.

This policy is rightly to be described as new since it would


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# War Aims

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He refuses to accept the inference, drawn by some of his critics, that there now remains in Germany only the choice between Nazism and Communism, with "Brown Bolshevism" as a possible blend of the two. "In the first place," he writes, "I cannot see that the German Communist leaders of the Weimar days have anything more to be proud of in their record than the Social Democrats. Between them, they made a pretty mess of the job of opposing Hitler; and if they were to be given a further chance, I strongly suspect that they would make a mess of matters all over again. When I spoke of the elements in Germany which controlled the Weimar Republic, I was speaking not of leaders or even of parties, but of social and economic forces."

Continuing his Foreword, Mr. Cole says: "If there is to be a hope of European Federation on a workable basis, there must be over the whole area covered by the Federation a *compatibility* of economic and social institutions and of the forces upon which these institutions rest. Federation is not possible, in any sense in which I understand the term—certainly not in the sense in which I have defined it in this pamphlet—between countries with widely differing ideologies and social set-ups. We cannot federate a Fascist Italy or a Nazi Germany with a democratic Scandinavia or Holland, or these latter with a Britain that continues to be dominated by capitalist-imperialist influences. Federation, in any sense in which it is worth working for, involves the establishment of democratic institutions in all the associated countries. It therefore involves, as I have tried to point out, profound changes in the social structures of Great Britain and France, as well as in that of Germany, including a complete abandonment of their imperialist pretensions."

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reverse the policy now pursued in the more recently acquired British Dependencies, though the first Reform Parliament enforced it in what was then the Empire, and it is as old, of course, as Imperial Rome. If the present British Government rejects it, patriotism as well as self-interest requires us to oppose that Government without qualification or reserve. For it is only under a Government that actively pursues that policy that we can expect, that we shall deserve, to win this war. NORMAN LEYS

Yalding, Kent.

## "PROFESSOR MAMLOCK"

SIR,—The film *Professor Mamlock* is now being widely shown in this country. May I in your columns correct certain misconceptions regarding it which have been given wide circulation? A number of newspapers have praised it as portraying a realistic picture of Nazi Germany and stated that, in its country of origin, the U.S.S.R., the film is no longer permitted to be shown.

The facts are as follows. The film was produced in the Soviet Union from a play by a celebrated author forced to emigrate from Germany, Dr. Friedrich Wolff. It is not now banned and has not at any time been banned in the Soviet Union. If it is not, during this actual week, showing in any large cinema in Moscow, this is for exactly the reason which would prevent a film in similar case from showing in a particular week in London, viz. the fact that it was released more than a year ago. It is showing still in many of the later run theatres, in clubs, villages, etc.

On the other hand the version allowed to be shown in this country is very severely censored and departs from the conception of its author.

In the first place the delay in showing it here is due to the general prohibition by the British Board of Film Censors. This prohibition, the reasons for which the Board refused to particularise ("totally unsuitable for exhibition in this country" was all they would say), was maintained until after the outbreak of war.

In the second place, the cuts from the version as now shown are those ordered to be made, as condition of licence, by the Licensing Committee of the London County Council, which has a majority of Labour members.

These cuts include: every title that reveals the heroes of the film as Communists; every mention of the United Front; the whole of the concluding scene. This scene represents a meeting underground of Communist youth, who declare: "The future in Germany belongs to us, not to them," and thus concludes the film on a note of sustained struggle, of optimism, instead of the defeatist note implied by concluding on the victory of the Nazis in silencing Mamlock.

There is nothing on the film, as widely shown, to indicate to the general public that it is a Soviet production.

I have written to several editors, and film critics, correcting the statements made that *Mamlock* has been banned in the Soviet Union. In not one case has the correction been published, nor have I even received an acknowledgment from the critics concerned.

It was reported in a Sunday newspaper that Friedrich Wolff is among the numerous anti-Nazi exiles who have been interned by the French authorities. If this is so, it is a climax in irony. The Soviet Union makes, and continues to show, a film exposing the horrors of Nazidom. The British authorities at first prevent it from being shown, and then allow it only in a form which distorts the author's picture of the German popular struggle against the Nazis and conceals from the spectator the fact that it is a Soviet production. The French authorities lock up the author.

And organs in the press of both countries misrepresent the facts to make it appear that, in contrast to Britain and France, the U.S.S.R. has abandoned the practice of revealing the truth about Nazi Germany. IVOR MONTAGU

## THE MUSLIM LEAGUE

SIR,—In your last issue you comment that Mr. Jinnah does not speak for all Muslims. That is quite true. The Muslim League in the last elections secured only 108 out of 482 seats reserved by the Act of 1935 for Mahommedans only. In the North-West Frontier Province, which is predominantly Muslim, the League has not been able to secure a single seat in the legislature. In the Punjab Assembly there is one Muslim League member.

The Muslim League professes to represent all the 80 million Muslims of India. The Government and the *Times* take this claim for granted in spite of the above facts, presumably because it suits them. On the other hand, Congress spokesmen claim that numerically the Indian National Congress has more Muslim members within the party than the Muslim League. In most of the provincial legislatures at least some Muslim members are with the Congress. In the Frontier Province, the majority party though Muslim is the Congress Party. The votes on recent resolutions in the Congress Provinces show that the Congress is attracting more and more Muslims on its side. If so, is it too much to say with Gandhi, that the Congress is "an all inclusive body," and that it, without a rival, represents the masses of India irrespective of class or creed? The Congress does not seek to form a substitute Nazi Party in India. It recognises the existence of minorities like the Muslim League, the Depressed Classes, and the Europeans, and has promised to respect their rights. It will try to come to a compromise with them in the conducting of public affairs. It must. But at the same time, why should the minorities be allowed to block the progress of the whole country? Minorities in India are great and powerful, but they assume an overwhelming importance, quite out of proportion to their actual strength, when there is a foreign power to support them. A. GUPTA

## WORK FOR ARTISTS

SIR,—With regard to the employment of artists. Many of our institutions have magnificent wall space, crying out for interest and decoration. I suggested recently to the L.C.C. that the vast dreary walls in the Visitors room of a certain mental hospital should be offered to art students for decoration. I believe that in certain quarters the idea was welcomed, but not by the committee immediately concerned, which said it was impossible. Yet in the U.S.A. I hear that under the New Deal hundreds of institutional walls have been dealt with as I propose, to the mutual benefit of artists and inmates.

I wish someone more powerful and less busy than I would take the matter up and not rest till the unimaginative walls of committees fell, and art and beauty reached at least the waiting rooms of our institutions! M. BUNBURY

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# Current Literature

## BOOKS IN GENERAL

HISTORICAL painting, long thought to be the noblest province of the painter's art, is now extinct. Even that melancholy Refuge for Incurables, the Royal Academy, has deserted sturdy tradition of Riviere and Tadema, thus neglecting its obligations to the public curiosity: Caesar and Rizzio are no longer murdered, Queen Eleanor sucks no wound, and Drake has ceased to bowl. It seems a pity that serious painters similarly neglect to follow the example of Raphael and Rubens, Poussin and Ingres. One would like to see a representation by Matisse of Alexander receiving the Family of Darius; or the Rape, by Mr. Duncan Grant, of the Sabine Women; or Mr. Coldstream's notion of Cleopatra on her barge. As if to compensate for this degeneration in painting, the biographers have grown increasingly pictorial in their methods. We have come to demand of biography the virtues we look for in painting, not only coherence of design but colour and handling. Unluckily colour, of a sort, is the easiest of achievements, and the abuse of it has become common—so much so that "colourful" is the epithet with which a reviewer can most effectively discourage one from reading a new *Life*. Macaulay was the first, I fancy, to make biography decorative, with a resplendent effect. But then came Carlyle, with a style so Turneresque that one can no better find a fact that one wants in his *Frederick the Great* than one can date the furniture in the National Gallery *Drawing Room at Petworth*. The biographer, unlike the painter, can in no circumstances afford to neglect or distort his representation of the facts.

Mrs. Arkell's *Caroline of Ansbach*, published a few months ago by the Oxford Press, is an excellent biography of the less picturesque sort. The author ferreted a number of new facts from the archives of Windsor, the Hague, Hanover, Berlin and Vienna, producing an enjoyable and informative book. Now comes another work on the same subject, *Caroline of England* by Peter Quennell (Collins, 12*s.* 6*d.*). It "does not profess to be a work of intensive historical research," but it is fascinating to read, a work of art conspicuous for both intelligence and imagination. I would recommend it even to students of history at the Universities because the picture of the Queen and her ambience leaves so sharp an impression on the mind. Mr. Quennell has planned his book very craftily: characterisation and incident are interwoven, while the material background is beautifully realised. His judgment commands confidence. Thus a warm admiration for Caroline does not make him unfair to her son; and a long excursus upon Pope—who has ever written better about him?—serves to show the limitations of a Queen who never perceived the importance of attaching to her Court the ruling genius of the Age. She preferred to patronise a poet called Stephen Duck whose only virtue was his proletarian origin; and the consequence for her was an epitaph of such brutality that Mr. Quennell has preferred not to mention it.

Caroline's life is as good as a play. The daughter of a small German House, she begins by refusing the Archduke Charles, the greatest *parti*, except for his elder brother, in all Europe. It was impossible, she explained, for her to become a Catholic. One cannot easily credit these scruples, for later she proved to be an irreligious woman with a passion for power. Mr. Quennell suggests that "what she feared to lose was less her Protestantism than her independence." It is possible too that having seen the Archduke, she took against him. George she does seem to have loved, and this is another mystery. He was brave and honest, but what else was there lovable in this vain, peppery, silly, unadaptable, bored and boring little man? Act II: England. An intolerable father-in-law, with two mistresses (one of them his half-sister), and soon Caroline with her husband is dismissed from the Court and deprived of her children. Act III. Queen at last, she instantly sees that Walpole is the man, and allies herself with him to govern the unsuspecting King. She smiles upon her husband's infidelities, and consoles herself for the tedium of Court life by an *amitié amoureuse* with the witty and perceptive Hervey. (That Walpole and Hervey managed to work together is one of the most wonderful facts in this drama, but perhaps we shall live to see Mr. Chamberlain accept Mr. Cecil Beaton as his chief collaborator.) Act IV. The quarrel with the Prince of Wales. Most boys dislike their fathers in the years between puberty and independence—and for a Prince of Wales independence can come only with his father's death. Not only the House of Hanover, with its strain of insanity, but Prussia, Russia and Turkey have exemplified this customary antagonism between sovereigns and their heirs. But Caroline's loathing for her eldest son was extravagant—one is reminded of her descendant, the Empress Frederick, while the Prince of Wales, clever, irresponsible, mercurial, seems to have been reincarnated in his grand-granddaughter's grandson, the Emperor William II. The last scene in our play is Caroline's death. Here Mr. Quennell's task becomes easy; he need only follow Hervey's description, which is equal to St. Simon at his best.

Each of the characters is brilliantly defined in *Caroline of England*. In a prose correct, graphic and melodious, Mr. Quennell plants in front of us his personages as if they came out of novels, Walpole from Fielding, Dodington from Balzac, Hervey from Proust. Here is a short extract about the Queen's feeling for her husband:

> To George Augustus adultery was a duty, marriage a pleasure. In his liaisons, he was punctual and prosy, to his wife, a romantic.
>
> Naturally, he imagined that she shared his passion, and with the vanity of a limited and self-centred man—to which fate he added a truly royal lack of reticence—he would speak sometimes of the Queen's absorbing devotion to him. It is possible that he was not entirely misguided. In a nature as dominant as that of Caroline, a character as strongly disciplined by early misfortune, devotion to an individual is not always to be disentangled from devotion to the objective or interest for which that individual stands; and Caroline's ruling interest was her love of power. No doubt she encouraged her husband's complacent belief; but it may be that beneath all considerations of matrimonial and royal politics there did indeed lie an emotion warmer and less impersonal than any she had experienced since the death of her adored Sophie Charlotte—that in the King she loved something more than her own destiny.

Lest unqualified praise should breed mistrust, here are three criticisms of detail. The first is an anachronism. Caroline was born in 1683, and had left Germany for good before the building of the typically *dixhuitième* palace that now embellishes the charming little town of Ansbach. Secondly, Mr. Quennell accepts too uncritically the view that Walpole was right in opposing the Queen and keeping England out of the War of the Polish Succession. The parallel with the history of the last eighteen months is close; for soon the policy of Isolation broke down, as such a policy always must. It is undisputed that Walpole was wrong to remain in office when forced into a war which he showed himself ill-fitted to conduct. Many historians think he was equally mistaken in not fighting over Poland. Lastly, I am shocked by Mr. Quennell's airy reference to Bishop Butler as "a divine widely celebrated in his day." The *Analogy* is the most famous theological work ever composed by an Englishman, and it deeply influenced not only generations of Anglicans, but Hume, the elder Mill and Cardinal Newman. That one of Caroline's deathbed requests was for Butler's advancement is equally creditable to her heart and her head.

It is long since I have read a new biography so good as *Caroline of England*. Mr. Quennell is entirely free from the fashionable faults. He does not lay on irony with a trowel, nor, mistaking vulgarity for liveliness, does he machine-gun us with epigrams. He is never flashy, and he is never dull. Thoughtfully designed and politely executed, this biography is a work of art which I would recommend not only to readers for their entertainment, but to writers for their imitation.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

# NEW NOVELS

**The Blaze of Noon.** By RAYNER HEPPENSTALL. *Secker and Warburg.* 7s. 6d.
**What Immortal Hand.** By JAMES CURTIS. *Nicholson and Watson.* 7s. 6d.
**Not a Sparrow Falls.** By NEIL BELL. *Collins.* 8s. 6d.
**Gestapo Trial.** By JAN PETERSEN. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.

The twenty-first century student of the early twentieth-century novel is going to find himself in something of a difficulty. The pre-eminent writers of the time—the Forsters, Huxleys, Maughams—are somewhat isolated from the general trend of current fiction, and a study confined solely to their works would give a wholly false impression of the contemporary writer. When our student sits down to examine the Tough, the Political, the Romantic fiction of the period, whom will he be advised to read? He will have neither time nor inclination for extensive wandering in these dreary but significant fields, but in none of them is there a writer at once outstanding and perfectly typical. The literary historian of the future will have either to dismiss whole classes with a sweeping generalisation, or promote some writer, chosen almost haphazard, to a surprising and undeserved immortality. A solution in keeping with the spirit of the age would be the Pool Novel. Dialogue by Hemingway, Decor by Curtis, Crime-sequences by Phelan, Montage by dos Passos, Close-ups by Orwell, Special Effects by Hanley, and Story (in collaboration) by the Birmingham Proletarian Group and you have a perfect specimen of the tough novel. Such a book could be adequately assessed only by a Pool Review—Self-analysis by MacCarthy, Plot-description by Straus, Sober Judgment by T. L. S., and Rude Remark by *N.S. & N.* But seriously, there is a very real problem. Each of the four books reviewed below possesses noticeable (and, in one case, notable) merits, and is an admirable specimen of its kind. That is the trouble—*of its kind.* If, in spite of particular distinctions, a book is obviously one of a general class, appreciation of it depends mainly on one's opinion of the whole type. Unless fiction is thoroughly unconventional by the standards of its own time, it has very small chance of lasting even for Mr. Connolly's ten years.

*The Blaze of Noon* is an idealisation of sexual passion. Ths narrator of the story is a blind masseur, and one suspects a certain symbolism in this choice of a hero who must, by the nature of his affliction, depend for sensation largely upon touch. His sojourn in a Cornish country house and his relations, sexual and social, with the people he meets there are perceived through his finger-tips only, but presented with such force and skill that one must congratulate Mr. Heppenstall on achieving a remarkable *tour de force*, if nothing more. The greater part of the book is devoted to detailed accounts of bodily accompaniments at the expense of spirit; and although the author's treatment is discreet in the extreme, an otherwise fairly sensible newspaper suggests censorship (presumably for fear of publishing information that might be of value to the S.S.), and awards him the greasy palm for the Outspoken Novel of the Year. Actually, Mr. Heppenstall, like most of the prophets of Desire, is moral and romantic in the extreme. When a couple, after a few brief conversations on general subjects and without any special feeling of friendship, go to bed together, we may fairly regard it as honest and straightforward lust. This is not enough for Mr. Heppenstall; for he repeatedly stresses that a great love has been born, and strongly suggests that it will last as long as a middle-Victorian marriage. In common, too, with most writers on his subject, he is at pains to insist on the beauty of his protagonists' bodies and the grace of their amorous movements. The old-fashioned romantics have got over this particular sentimentality, and even the shilling monthlies allow their lovers to be outwardly unprepossessing. The Heppenstalls, however, have not reached such a level of honesty: for them, *amor pulcher* must dwell *in corpore pulchro.* Mr. Heppenstall, in fact, is that dangerous fish, the romantic disguised as a realist. Because his characters continue their love beyond the conventional dots, he has been condemned as unsuitable, and probably regards himself as objective. Actually, he has ignored the sweat, cramp and other discomforts that are an important facet of the activity he describes, and offers us a passion as lovely and unreal as Swinburne's or Rossetti's. Nevertheless, *The Blaze of Noon* is a fine piece of writing, showing a delicate and original gift. Mr. Heppenstall has achieved in his first novel what, I think, he has missed in his poetry: an emotion genuinely recollected, and an experience fused with imagination.

The chief trouble with *What Immortal Hand* is its fearful symmetry. In his determination to preserve the unities, Mr. Curtis has thrown the probabilities overboard; and his story of how half-a-dozen slum children rise to dazzling, separate but interrelated glories is a little too slickly dovetailed to carry much conviction. The swot becomes a Cabinet Minister; the tough, a world middle-weight champion; the bit, a wealthy courtesan; the lad, an international variety star; and the mug ends up on the gallows despite the intercession of all the rest. Only one of the group misses worldly fame, and even he buys his own café, and (did you guess it?) finds an enduring happiness. When Mr. Curtis' characters are down and out they are vigorous and sympathetic; when up and in they are dim and unreal bores. Their transitional period, which should be the most interesting, is almost completely passed over. All the same, *What Immortal Hand* is brisk and amusing light tragedy. Mr. Curtis sometimes overpaints his backcloth:

> Jack sped down the dark stairs. It was easy enough for him to avoid the pan at the stairhead, put there to catch the rain that seeped through the rotten roof, and he didn't have to hold his nose when he passed the first landing with its defective toilet that served the eight families that lived in the battered stucco house.

but generally his picture of London low-life is fresh (or, rather, fusty) and picturesque enough. Cinema courting, cad cars in the Edgware Road, the joys of the pick-up and the horrors of Reform School, are examined with an expert eye; while the rhyming slang (china, six-and-four, etc.) provides an appropriate and unfamiliar chorus. This is not as good as the author's previous novels because he deserts, in part, his accustomed *milieu* and his former objectivity. Mr. Curtis's theme song is the title of an earlier book—*There Ain't No Justice*; and he is at pains to stress the unfairness of the miseries he depicts. His present characters, however, receive not only justice but numerous crowning mercies, and the squalor from which they spring becomes, in relation to its fruits, little more moving than the maudlin reminiscences of a self-made millionaire. Mr. Curtis's other motto (which would, incidentally, make a good title for his next novel) might be You Can't Have It Both Ways; for it is he effort to do so that makes his present story a divertissement, where it should have been an indictment. *What Immortal Hand* is good reading, but, in view of its author's previous record, not good enough writing.

*Not a Sparrow Falls* is a semi-cynical picaresque that owes considerable debts to Dickens and Linklater, a smaller one to Evelyn Waugh, and a very, very tiny one to Voltaire. It tells the progress of a high, wide, dense and handsome pilgrim through a wilderness of light women and freakish men; from his father's death under a lorry to his own disappearance beneath a one-ton bomb. Mr. Bell is a highly experienced writer (this is his twenty-first novel), and has realised that the odder and nastier a character, the easier he is to describe convincingly. The elderly, sadistic rubber-goods dealer, with his filthy habits and pitted bald head, is nasty in the vivid Dickens tradition, with the advantage that Mr. Bell need not censor his more revolting peculiarities. The six-foot-four hero, too, with the strength of a bull, the brains of a sheep and the virtues of a nice schoolboy, is a pleasing parody of his kind; and his adventures in night-clubs, beds, and boxing-rings are as amusing as would be those of Byron's Juan as played by Gary Cooper. My only complaint against the story is that boys of eleven do not have a thick growth of hair down the spine from neck to waist (p. 12), and that if they do, they are mathematically unlikely to meet young women, accustomed to wearing low-cut evening gowns, who suffer from the same abnormality (p. 255). *Not a Sparrow Falls* is a rollicking slight satire; its author, however, regards it as something more. "The theme of this book," he writes, "is life as ordinary folk live it, are forced to live it, to-day . . . (and underlines the truth that) . . . this calamitous and unwanted war is being fought that nations and nationality shall perish from the earth." Well! It is true that the story is occasionally interrupted for a tiresome old journalist who gives us his views on Hitler and Versailles, and that one of the hero's amorous adventures is mildly affected by the collapse of the Gold Standard; but what relation the remarkable exploits of an errand-boy turned prize-fighter, turned cabaret-artist, turned innkeeper, whose most vigorous contact with internationalism is to give a Japanese esperantist one on the kisser, have to "life as ordinary folk live it" I quite fail to see. Mr. Bell has had a spirited and amusing jab at the upper demi-monde: he could well have left it at that.

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*Gestapo Trial* belongs to that popular class of political novels, the Virtue Doesn't Pay series. In this case, the familiar story has a certain twist, for the victims are innocent even of enlightened opinions, and are denounced not by a suspicious Nazi but by a policeman suffering from unrequited love. Here Mr. Petersen's imagination exhausts itself. The same green-eyed, white-face Gestapo men crouch behind the same great desks and grasp ebony rulers until the same veins throb ominously; the same drunken torturers curse and roar as they swing their bloody whips; the same black cars speed on the same dread errands, while the same decent peasants shudder the same shudder as their shadows flicker by. There is even the same Dr. G— who, under the same pledge of secrecy, reveals to an horrified reporter the same terrible story. True? No doubt. Fearless? Certainly. Worth reading? Yes—if you haven't read it several times before. The only originality is on the jacket: the swastikas are the wrong way round. JOHN MAIR

## BETWEEN MUNICH AND WAR

**Munich Before and After.** By DR. HUBERT RIPKA. *Gollancz.* 15*s.*

**Undeclared War.** By ELIZABETH WISKEMANN. *Constable.* 12*s.*

**Down River.** By JOHN LEHMANN. *Cresset Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

One of the strangest things about the history of the last six years is that the quality of British statesmanship has been in inverse proportion to the excellence of the advice offered to it. It is probably futile therefore to hope that anyone with influence on British policy will have the time or the inclination to read any of these books. In all likelihood they will be regarded as ancient history simply because they were written before war broke out. But the remarkable thing about each of them is how well they stand the test of appearing after the Nazi-Soviet rapprochement and the conquest of Poland, and how much material they provide for the formation of future policy. Hubert Ripka's study of *Munich Before and After* is the most subjective of the three. Written by a disciple of Masaryk and a fervent supporter of Dr. Benes, it derives its value less from the judgments of its author than from the new documentation which he has collected. He is able to prove the disastrous effect on the situation in the Sudeten areas of Mr. Chamberlain's journey to Berchtesgaden and to add many fresh pieces of evidence to the dossier of the Czech betrayal. Of particular interest is the plan for the transfer of territories (p. 196) presented by Britain to Germany and Czechoslovakia on September 27th, the day before Hitler's threatened invasion, several points of which appeared later in the Munich Agreement. If the development of the Czech crisis of 1938 is compared with that of the Polish crisis of 1939, as disclosed in the Blue Book, an amazing parallelism is observable, not only in the Nazi but in the British procedure. In both cases Britain and France were working for a peaceful solution, at all costs; and the chief difference is that in 1939 Hitler was determined to have a war. It is not our Government's fault that we had no second Munich this year.

Dr. Ripka is equally illuminating about the events of March 15th. He points out that the occupation of Bohemia and Moravia confirmed the Czech argument that the Sudeten areas were inseparable from the Czechs. "Sudetenland was only a concept on paper, and not a geographical or ethnographical entity." On the economic side alone the situation created at Munich was completely unworkable; and long before March 15th the economic frontier had been once again removed. Czechoslovakia, so long as sovereign States continue, must either be wholly independent or wholly dependent on Germany. Strange, that a practical business man like Mr. Chamberlain should have put his trust in an arrangement as unbusinesslike as it was unjust. Stranger still, on page 402, to read the Russian protest at the annexation, on the ground that Dr. Hacha had no authority from his people for signing away their independence:

> In the absence of any expression of the will of the Czech people, the occupation of the Czech provinces by German troops . . . cannot but be considered as arbitrary, violent and aggressive.

No doubt the Baltic and Finnish peoples, in the Russian view, have expressed their will to be protected by Russian garrisons.

*Undeclared War* is not only Miss Wiskemann's best book, it is also the book of the year so far as European politics are concerned. The fruits of a lengthy tour of the Balkans since Munich, it explains, in concise and measured words, precisely how Nazi Pan-Germanism has set about the job of rebuilding the Holy Roman Empire. Miss Wiskemann has the rare faculty of travelling without becoming either a tourist or a gossip. She has no time for scenic background or palace chit-chat and concentrates her attention on social and political developments east of Hitler, particularly in Hungary, Roumania and Jugoslavia. When I finished her book, I found that I had noted sixty-three points especially worthy of the attention of NEW STATESMAN readers. Since I cannot mention them all, I beg everyone to read and digest this Baedeker of Balkan politics, and, above all, to study the chapter on Switzerland in which Miss Wiskemann rounds off both her journey and her argument. To see why Pan-Germanism has failed to create a Swiss minority problem is to understand, not only Switzerland, but the strength and weakness of National Socialism and of Democracy.

Though their books cover much the same ground, it would be unfair to John Lehmann to compare *Down River* with *Undeclared War*. Mr. Lehmann has thrown into a single volume, a semi-historical sketch of post-war Vienna, a really useful study of the International Danube Commission, and some charming sketches of Balkan life. The attempt to blend these elements and to give them literary unity has been rendered still more difficult by the fact that much of the material has already appeared as articles in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION and elsewhere. There is nothing more difficult for a conscientious writer than to remould old material, and I wish that Mr. Lehmann had decided to scrap the lot and start again.

All the same, *Down River* is thoroughly readable, especially when Mr. Lehmann allows himself to remember that he is a poet with an eye for the picturesque. His descriptions of German minorities in Slovenia and Hungary for instance, are beautifully done and provide the colour which Miss Wiskemann's incisive line drawings inevitably lack. But too often his social conscience has censored his poetic feelings and constrained him to write in socio-political journalese. He could, for instance, have given us an intimate picture of his Vienna life: instead he has chosen to write a semi-Marxist interpretation of Vienna politics. What a relief it is when Mr. Lehmann forgets politics and describes the Austrian timber-men at work. I shall keep *Down River* and reread it for passages such as that. RICHARD COVENTRY

## THE PROPER STUDY

**Aboriginal Woman, Sacred and Profane.** By PHYLLIS M. KABERRY. With an Introduction by PROFESSOR A. P. ELKIN. *Routledge.* 15*s.*

**Experiments in Civilisation.** By H. IAN HOGBIN. *Routledge.* 15*s.*

**The Social Institutions of the Kipsigis.** By J. G. PERISTIANY. *Routledge.* 18*s.*

**Races of Africa.** By C. G. SELIGMAN. *Thornton Butterworth.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

Perhaps it is not altogether bad that ethnological books should sometimes be reviewed by laymen, for once they have spread their wings outside the bounds of a specialist journal they are presumably addressed to the world of readers unversed in the *argot*, not to say the jargon of professional ethnology. Cranial indices are more or less out of fashion, and mesaticephalic groups have given way to endogamous moieties, and affinal relatives; while fungibles, epagomenal days, and the cheerful patter of sexual psychology fill any remaining gap. But the layman is lazy, and even the word "sibling" has been known to make him shy. And perhaps he is not altogether wrong in thinking that something is still lacking in the training of ethnologists. For it seems to be only by a happy chance, a gratuity of nature, that they really write a book—quite a different thing from serving up spoils collected in the "field." Their linguistic training is often very incomplete. It would be too much to ask of an ethnologist that he should be sufficiently a poet to translate native songs and stories into a corresponding rhythmic form, but at least they might be made intelligible. Every translator knows that a single word may quite change its meaning in an idiomatic combination, and without a knowledge of the idiom no translation is possible. Miss Kaberry, for instance, gives no indication of how the strings of sexual organs which she calls a song really hang together syntactically, though she gives the corresponding native words, so far as she could take them down; and Dr. Perestiany's myths, stories and songs of the Kipsigis, which one longs to understand, were translated word for word with a dictionary and have not assumed an intelligible form. Again, ethnologists are entirely untrained in the observation

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'One of the outstanding books about the first German war was General Spears' *Liaison, 1914*. This companion volume is as excellent as its predecessor and even more opportune. His style is fluent, rapid and precise. His account of the capture of Vimy Ridge deserves to rank with Mr. Winston Churchill's story of the Battle of Omdurman as among the finest military narratives in our literature. It held me enthralled.'
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of dancing, which together with song is one of the fundamental activities of any primitive community. Journalists and publishers know the selling value of dancing (witness the title of Geoffrey Gorer's intelligently chatty Gold Coast book), but with few exceptions, John Layard is a notable one, it never seems to occur to them that there are a dozen things one longs to know about dramatic content, tempo, direction, pattern, masks, make-up, relation to the music, which they have not seen the importance of recording. Dr. Hogbin was evidently much moved by the music and much interested in the dancing of his Solomon Islands community, but though I eagerly looked up all his index references, only once does he do more than name this activity, and then his description is tantalisingly general. Of these four books, Dr. Phyllis Kaberry's is the least well written. Her pen is still muddy from field-work, and though her material is extremely interesting, her book is rather heavy going. She teases one too by using a keyword twenty-six times without defining it once. Even in the paragraph specially devoted to it, it is defined only by implication. Her use of words is somewhat peculiar; what does she mean by saying that the women are "regrettably" profane in their attitude towards the men?

Dr. Hogbin's study of a native community in the Solomon Islands is an admirably written and valuable book by an expert of long experience and balanced judgment. He divides it into three parts: past, present and future. In part two he exposes the decline of the people, in every respect, under European civil and missionary administration, and prefaces it with the following significant quotation:

> Proud man,
> Drest in a little brief authority,
> Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
> His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
> Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
> As make the angels weep.

I can only call attention to a few passages in his fascinating book. One is the description of the prayer for strength, *sukwa'ia*, by the leader of a raid, before starting on an expedition.

> Aningali, who was once a famous killer, told me that he had often felt this *sukwa'ia* rushing into him like a strong wind. He began to tremble, and his skin felt as if needles were being stuck into it, and sometimes his face was wet with tears. Occasionally, he said, *sukwa'ia* was not vouchsafed, and then the expedition had to be abandoned. But if the leader felt it himself he knew that the spirit would aid him and that his party would be safe. He ran back to his assembled warriors and exhorted them to have no fear, whereupon they all felt the same power rushing into them. Their terrors were banished, conquered by the courage of the spirits. . . .

I can only allude to the extraordinary feasts, not without parallel among the North American Indians, given by the man who by super-cultivation of his gardens has reached the top of the social ladder, to the very singular manifestations of the belief in sorcery, and to the influence of the "mamanaa" or spirit power of the ancestors in the affairs of living men. The disruptive power of an alien administration may be judged by the following quotation: "You white men give us orders, we no longer give orders to ourselves. . . . You are familiar with the Law. It belongs to you; it comes from the place where you were born. For us the Law is different. In olden times we behaved as our fathers did before us. When you have asked me in our conversations together, why did I do that, have I not replied, 'it is the custom; my fathers did it of old?' To-day that is changed. The white man has come and tells us that we must behave like *his* father. Our own fathers, we must forget them.'" Again: "In olden days we did not stop and say to ourselves first, 'This thing I want to do, is it right?' We always knew. Now we have to say, 'This thing I want to do, will the white man tell me it is wrong and punish me?'" Dr. Hogbin is not embittered by experience and can even be to a certain extent optimistic about the future. He is a better judge than oneself, and I warmly recommend his excellent book to administrators and missionaries as well as to the general reader. I wish I had time to quote largely also from Dr. Perestiany's book on the Kipsigis, a handsome and warlike tribe in Kenya. It is admirably written in a language not his own, for the author is, I believe, a Cypriot, and the first of his countrymen, Dr. Evans Pritchard tells us in his preface, to study a primitive people. It is full of the most exciting things, on some of which I wish that Dr. Evans Pritchard, who is so well qualified to do so, had thought fit to enlarge in his preface, instead of merely summarising the contents of the book. For instance, the practice of marriage between women which, unlike the contract of marriage between men practised till quite recently in the Egyptian oasis of Siwa, has apparently no homosexual significance, but is a device for enabling a woman, who has otherwise failed to do so, legally to give her husband an heir.

> Nothing distinguishes it from an ordinary marriage. The bride-wealth is given to the girl's parents, and the *ratet* (previously described) ceremony duly performed. The bride is usually given to one of the husband's sons by another wife or to one of his brothers. He has no rights over her, as she is "owned" by her wife, and his children by her are considered as the children of her wife's husband.

An interesting thing is that this practice serves to break many Kipsigis rules of behaviour and some of their strictest prohibitions, but "when I pointed out all these anomalies to my Kipsigis friends, I was told that it was their custom, and made to feel that I had committed a very serious breach of etiquette in even broaching the subject."

The *Kimanagan*, a system by which the Kipsigis distribute their cattle among different friends living at a great distance from each other, has extremely interesting ramifications. The relation of the people to their cattle is sentimental as well as practical. The names of the cows are introduced into their songs, they play with them and speak to them as we do to our dogs. The flute is sometimes played to the cow to "soften its feelings" and induce it to give milk. Perhaps it is just the intimacy of this relation which leads the licking of a man's face by a cow to be regarded as *sogoranet*, an action akin to incest and punishable by death. Worse than incest, however, is cattle theft. The former, says Dr. Perestiany, is sometimes taken laughingly, while any reference to the latter always produced a violent reaction. "My interlocutor would get up, spit as a blessing to ward off the evil of the horror he had heard, shout 'sogoranet,' making thrusts with his spear or stick, as if he were killing an imaginary evil-doer." I have marked more than twenty passages on bride-price, the courtesies of war, rituals of hunting, initiation, magic, housebuilding, drinking-feasts, totem and age-sets, all of which I should love to quote; I wish there were more than twenty-four photographs, but among these are some very lovely ones of Kipsigis youths.

Professor Seligman's excellent little volume on African tribes, brought up to date in the Home University Library, forms a good background to Dr. Perestiany's monograph. For all its necessary concentration, it is full of delightful reference and instinct with the human and generous spirit which makes Professor Seligman the most beloved of ethnologists. Among many passages worth quotation I must content myself with recalling the former Shilluk custom of killing their king, when ill-health or old age showed his body to be no longer a suitable abode for the spirit of their culture-hero, Nyakang, imminent in each successive king. If, with our milder manners, we were to substitute retirement for death, and Prime Minister for King, the practice would still have much to commend it.

BERYL DE ZOETE

## SOLDIERS AND STATESMEN

**Prelude to Victory.** By BRIGADIER-GENERAL E. L. SPEARS. *Cape.* 18*s.*

This volume tells the tale of the Nivelle offensive of 1917 up to the battle of the Aisne on April 16th, as seen through the eyes of a British liaison officer in close touch with the principal figures concerned. I am not competent to discuss its value as military history; from that angle, I can only say that I found it a moving, exciting and tragic record. It is, I think, more important as an absolutely first-class account of the problems raised by the relations between soldiers and statesmen in wartime. From that angle, I believe it to be a volume of quite essential importance. It is not only brilliantly written; it would be worth while if only for the illuminating portraits of the men involved. But it contains, also, a massive documentation upon a period small enough in time to enable us to see the problems raised by those relations in all their formidable complexity. General Spears writes, I think, as an advocate; he is, broadly, a strenuous defender of Earl Haig and Sir William Robertson against Mr. Lloyd George. But his documentation is so full, especially on the French side, that his own particular view matters less than the actual problems he raises. On these, I miss my guess if his book does not remain one of the quite indispensable authorities on its subject. It would be difficult to exaggerate its interest as a source of principles and even more difficult to overestimate the significance of the materials it supplies for a judgment.

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# 24 RUSSELL SQUARE, LONDON

its chief soldiers, Sir Douglas Haig and Sir William Robertson; and there is the relation between the French cabinet, on the one hand, and General Nivelle and his subordinate commanders, on the other. Interpenetrating these, there are minor systems of relationships, each of extraordinary fascination in itself, all set out by General Spears with remarkable skill, with which I cannot pretend to deal in a review. I add that General Spears has not sought to draw any general conclusions; he has been content to paint a pattern the meaning of which the reader must interpret for himself. On the whole, he has been very fair; and for most of what he has to say he gives the reader the material upon which to judge. Since the issues he raises are issues which, alas, we have to face once more, the volume becomes almost a tract for the times. I should like to think that, apart from Mr. Churchill, who contributes an interesting preface to the volume, it was required reading for every member of the War Cabinet.

It is clear from the narrative (i) that Mr. Lloyd George had no confidence in Sir Douglas Haig and would have liked to depose him, but did not feel himself strong enough to do so; (ii) that both he and the French were captivated by Nivelle's conviction that he could end the war with a sweeping victory in the spring of 1917, though many of the generals, on both sides, were dubious both of Nivelle's strategy and his tactics; (iii) that, because of this conviction, a complicated inter-allied intrigue took place, headed by Mr. Lloyd George, on the one side, and General Nivelle, on the other, the purpose of which was to bring the British forces under the effective control of the French commander-in-chief. The result of this, had it been successful, would have been to put the British army at the disposal of a French general who was responsible to his own cabinet, but not to ours. Haig and Robertson resisted this result, and obtained important modifications of it. General Nivelle made his offensive, the prospects of which were largely dissipated by the German retreat to the Hindenburg line, the implications of which he never appreciated. The result was the replacement of Nivelle, and the grave army disturbances in France in 1917. In the context of the Russian breakdown and the submarine menace, it is doubtful if Great Britain was ever nearer to defeat than it was in those grim months for which Nivelle's failure was largely responsible.

Certain generalisations emerge with clarity. (i) No clear line can be drawn between the functions of the soldier in command and the statesman. But their effective co-operation depends upon mutual confidence, and this was largely absent in the period which General Spears describes. (ii) This mutual confidence depends, very largely, on the soldier's ability to reveal his full mind to the statesman. It is important that not only did those involved on the British side not do this; General Spears makes it evident that, for all their loyalty and integrity, neither Haig nor Robertson was capable of that self-expression which makes understanding and confidence possible. (iii) Soldiers like Nivelle, who are not only bilingual, but skilled and emphatic in self-expression, will obtain an immense advantage over others who lack these qualities in their dealings with the politician, especially where difficulties of language are normally a barrier to mutual intercourse. (iv) The hierarchical composition of an army makes it difficult, and very nearly impossible, for the politician to judge the validity of the Commander-in-chief's proposals unless he goes behind him to collect opinions and form an independent judgment. General Spears's account of the Compiègne Conference is decisive proof of this. The French Government was never really seised of the materials necessary to its judgment of operations; still less, accordingly, was the British government so seised. (v) Liaison does not really solve the problem unless the supreme officers involved are, unlike Sir Henry Wilson, men whose loyalty and character are unimpeachable. If, like Wilson, they are *intrigants* by nature, they create impossible difficulties both for soldiers and for statesmen. (vi) New techniques are needed for making the soldiers aware of the wider political perspectives of their decisions. I am not sure that General Spears does not overdo his contrast between the "simplicity" of the soldier and the "complexity" of the political mind. The truth is that this "simplicity" is only too often an ignorance of all the factors in the equations the politician has to solve. The result is a suspicion and an impatience for which there is no sort of justification. (vii) Officers of the highest rank are not devoid of the ambitions which move ordinary men. Those ambitions lead them to political connections, and even convictions, which multiply several fold the difficulties involved in their relations with the statesmen. Because of this, their habits, outside their technique, are a matter of major importance to the politician. This is implicit here; but the more final proof will be apparent to any reader of Sir Henry Wilson's *Diaries*.

All these are merely illustrations of the points of seminal importance raised by General Spears' narrative. Much in it is matter still of passionate controversy, the flames of which will be stirred rather than stilled by what he has to say. I think that probably the real lesson of his book is that the drama of war makes demands upon the general and the cabinet minister alike for which neither is fitted, and that war, is, inherently, a threat to the foundations of democracy of momentous proportions. What I again only emphasise is that his book is one of the most illuminating and exciting of its kind that I have ever read. Mr. Churchill recommends it to "every officer of field rank and upwards in the French and British Armies." I soberly and earnestly recommend it to every responsible-minded citizen in both countries.

HAROLD J. LASKI

## LETTER FROM KENT

**Country Relics.** By H. J. MASSINGHAM. Illustrated by THOMAS HENNELL. *Cambridge University Press.* 15*s.*

**Old English Household Life.** By GERTRUDE JEKYLL and S. R. JONES. *Batsford.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

**A Year of My Life.** By A. G. STREET. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

DEAR R. M.,

You sent me these three books, asking for a review; but as one grows bored with ordinary reviewing, I decided to write you a personal letter instead.

You and I know each other very well, and can, I think, estimate each other's tastes. We have the same standards, which you once rightly defined as having the same and constant measuring-rod. Therefore, if I say that these three books could all be described as *pleasant* and *agreeable*, you will know exactly what I mean; but you will also understand that as these two adjectives now carry a slightly derogatory and even pejorative flavour, I hesitate to use them about books I have (perhaps sentimentally) enjoyed. Would their authors ever forgive me for using such adjectives? Would I be diminishing them in your eyes and their own, by calling them pleasant and agreeable? I think you would err, in this case, if you took my words to mean anything either derogatory or pejorative.

Of the three books you sent me, I liked Mr. Massingham's best, his *Country Relics*. It might so easily have been sentimental and oldy-worldy, but was completely redeemed from such accusations by being so practical and well-informed. Mr. Massingham is too real a countryman and also too fine a man of letters ever to become sentimental about country things: he has too true a sense of their practical value ever to sentimentalise them beyond their historical traditional interest. He appreciates craftsmanship, but also enjoys discovering the details of its technique, not remaining merely content to relish it for its surface value. How precise, for instance, is his account of obtaining roof-stone in the Cotswolds. Have you any clear idea of how those lovely roofs have been produced from under the turf? I suppose you thought they had been quarried in the ordinary way, and never gave the frost any credit for a share in the work. What do you know of cussomes, wivetts, short and long bachelors, short and long haghatters, rogue-why-winkest-thou and Jenny-why-gettest-thou? No more than I did, before Mr. Massingham took me into the confidence of the stonemasons he has known. I shall never look on those Cotswold roofs with the same eye again; nor would you, if your leisure allowed you to read this passage in his book. You might go further, and read his grand estimate of the dry-waller, the thatcher, and the basket-maker at their work. I think you would enjoy them, as you always enjoy anybody willing to talk shop. Mr. Massingham's shop is good and solid; it is like coming up to a carpenter's bench or a blacksmith's anvil; there is no pretty-pretty about it, but only the soft swish of plane on wood, or the thud of the hammer on iron. I liked Mr. Massingham's book very much, and am grateful to you for sending it. You evidently recognised a book and an author accordant with my own tastes. I read his book during my solitary breakfasts, and found it fitted in very well with a pot of coffee and a boiled egg. It made me forget for at least ten minutes the nightmare of war I had had during the night, which, on waking, I rediscovered to be true.

You cheated me, without meaning to, in sending me *Old English*

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# Christmas Suggestions

Suggestions for a Christmas shopping list include Lewis Mumford's **Culture of Cities** (146 illustrations, 21s. net) ; François Mauriac's fine play, **Asmodée** or The Intruder (5s. net) ; Thomas Mann's **Coming Victory of Democracy** (2s. 6d. net), **Stories of Three Decades** (580 pages, 10s. 6d. net) and the four magnificent Joseph volumes ; John Katz's **Will to Civilization** (12s. 6d. net) ; Lucile Morrison's **Lost Queen of Egypt** (7s. 6d. net) for children or grown-ups, and G. Chevallier's rollicking **Clochemerle** (now only 5s. net).

**SECKER AND WARBURG**

*Household Life*, by Gertrude Jekyll and S. R. Jones. You deluded me for one moment into believing that Miss Jekyll was still alive and writing, whereas I knew or thought I knew that Miss Jekyll had died some years ago. I owe you a grudge for this. You startled me. I have an admiration for Miss Jekyll; she is one of my garden gods. Ned Lutyens called her the Mother of all Bulbs, a kindly nickname, very apposite. She was a grand gardener and a grand woman in her way; what is called "a character." So, although startled, I was not really surprised on finding that she had apparently risen from her grave; only disappointed to discover on investigation that the book wasn't a new book but merely (so far as I can ascertain) a reprint which "incorporates much of the matter set down by the late Miss Gertrude Jekyll in *Old English Household Life*, in 1925." This statement leaves me still in doubt. Did Miss Jekyll write most of this book, or did Mr. Jones, who, presumably, is still happily with us? I don't know. The result, whoever the author, is mild, informative and sedative. I would not compare it with Mr. Massingham's *Country Relics*, which has a sharper quality, but they may stand as agreeable companions, complementary companions, to read on a dark evening. I need scarcely describe this book to you, since the title speaks for itself and will readily suggest the quiet cottage interior complete with rush-lights, warming-pans, samplers, mugs, and inglenooks. You will see from this brief index that you wouldn't care as much for this book as for Mr. Massingham's. His is much more virile; *Old English Household Life* is spinsterish. Informative and readable none the less, if you are in the right mood.

Mr. Street's latest volume, *A Year of My Life*, was a disappointment to me. I like his books as a rule. But this one seemed scrappy, and bore the mark of having been put together from newspaper articles linked up by bits from a diary, making an unsatisfactory whole. Still, I can't deny that Mr. Street has his boots on the ground; he is an honest-to-God farmer, and if he wants filberts (which he reports as not to be got for love or money) I shall be very glad to give him a bushel for nothing if he chooses to come to me here in Kent next September to fetch them.

Yours, V. SACKVILLE-WEST

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**HEINEMANN**

# DIALECTICS OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF PHYSICS

**The Crisis in Physics.** By CHRISTOPHER CAUDWELL. *Bodley Head.* 7s. 6d.

The title of this review has been chosen to indicate the dominant impression left by the book, which is one of stiffness. It is, indeed, the stiffest work I have read since I broke my youthful philosophical teeth on the Kants and Hegels and Bradleys whom Caudwell purports to supersede. The subject, the philosophical significance of the present contradictions and antinomies in physics, is difficult. Caudwell's manner is abstract and allusive, disdains illustrations, and never for a moment "lets up" on its ruthless pursuit of its theme. Moreover, whilst some of the essays overlap, others are unfinished. Caudwell, who was killed fighting with the International Brigade in Spain, left behind a considerable mass of writing of which *Studies in a Dying Culture*, which has already been published, has been highly praised.

Of the twelve essays in the present book six were in rough draft only, and Professor Levy, who acts as editor and introducer, has printed them just as Caudwell left them. Nevertheless, judging by the standard of the finished first six, I doubt if a second cooking would have increased the digestibility of the second. Finally, the book, which is written from the dialectical standpoint, is steeped in Marxist thought. Now it is, I think, hard for one who lacks the writer's familiarity with this mode of thinking and does not share the basic assumptions from which it proceeds, to follow the intricacies of its exposition. The Marxist mind moves in a universe of discourse peculiar to itself, and it is hard for the bourgeois who has matured and, as Mr. Caudwell would hold, has ossified in a different universe, even when instructed by a guide as intelligent and familiar with the lie of the land as Mr. Caudwell, to feel completely at home with its inhabitants. The argument, one is convinced, is of profound interest; it *may* be of profound importance; but the turns and twists are so confusing, the ideas which it engenders en route are so abundant, its way of disposing of well-established philosophical antiques so short and summary, that by the time one has reached the end one feels too dazed by the hammer blows that one has received to trust one's own judgment. In my own case, some hours of Mr. Caudwell's treatment recalled the state of mind in which, as a boy, I used to leave the St. George's Hall after an exhibition of the wizardry of the incomparable Mr. Devant. For these reasons no less than for those of space, I cannot hope to do full justice to the argument. Very briefly it is as follows.

The present crisis in physics is due to the crisis in capitalist society which it reflects, and much of the book is devoted to the drawing of parallels between philosophical antinomies and social anomalies. Take, for example, the antinomy between idealism and mechanism. In a capitalist society the bourgeois have lost all contact with nature, that is to say, with the machine, which has become the exclusive preoccupation of the proletariat. What, then, are the bourgeois doing? They are thinking. Hence, corresponding to the division between bourgeois and proletarian, there is a division between mind and nature; that is to say, between consciousness and object. The object being shorn of all qualities except the severely mathematical obeys the laws of mechanics, while the mind takes into itself and proceeds to generate all the qualities of which it has carefully eviscerated nature. Hence idealist philosophy is shut off from nature, while mechanist science can give no account of mind.

Or consider the free will-determinist controversy. In the modern world nature, again identified with the machine, is owned by the propertied class. The attitude of the bourgeois to nature is, therefore, one of contemplation rather than of participation, and of ownership and control of what he contemplates. Whatever qualities in the object resist this lordly attitude are stripped away, among them novelty and spontaneity. Further, since mind's relation to nature is conceived on the ownership of property model, nature cannot affect mind. Hence the novelty and spontaneity of which nature has been robbed, are turned over to the mind, which is then seen to be determined by nothing. Thus we reach a new antinomy, that between a free mind and a determined nature which breaks down before the fact of man's obvious participation in nature and his manifest attachment to an object, the body, which is affected by nature.

The solution with which the book concludes introduces the most ingenious parallel of all. The present phase of declining capitalism witnesses a contradiction between a highly organised and specialised

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division of labour, on the one hand, and an unconscious integration of the results of the specialised labour on the other. The unconscious integration is the commodity market, which, being uncontrolled, is subject to the blind forces of supply and demand. We have a similar picture in science: on the one hand, high specialisation and organisation in the different departments; on the other, a lack of any systematised integration of their results. Nor Mr. Caudwell insists, can such integration be effected until a new and conscious organisation of society "generates a new view of the world as a whole as the integration of all the rich parts uncovered by the separate disciplines."

One cannot help admiring the synthetic power of Mr. Caudwell's mind; one cannot even help wondering whether his syntheses may not be true; but upon me this integration of science, philosophy, history, economics, and industry, under the auspices of the all-embracing dialectical process has much the same effect as Hegel's Absolute had upon William James, the effect of a "large seaside boarding house with no private bedroom in which I might take refuge from the society of the place."

C. E. M. JOAD

## STONES OF LONDON

**London Fabric.** By JAMES POPE-HENNESSY. *Batsford.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Dr. Johnson in his late sixties remarked with his usual good sense: "If I had no duties, and no reference to posterity, I would spend my life in driving briskly in a post-chaise with a pretty woman; but she should be one who could understand me, and would add something to the conversation." Mr. Pope-Hennessy in his early twenties would seem to be in substantial agreement. The framework of his agreeable book shows him escorting an attractive young female, referred to as Perdita, round various London buildings of historical and artistic importance and improving her already well-grounded mind by imparting his impressions of their associations and his own by recording her comments.

This book was conceived during the crisis of September, 1938, at a moment when the author felt that he might be surveying for the last time the lovely buildings that still survived. In his preface, dated in May of this year, he tells us that the tide of his conviction of imminent danger has illogically ebbed, but he will presumably need no reminding that an ebb has a logical habit of being succeeded by a flow. The happy result of this is that the eventual date of publication could not be more apposite, as his book constitutes the finest possible antidote to the unknown horrors of a drawling war.

Mr. Pope-Hennessy starts his young friend's education by a tour of the London crypts, and upon his asking her for her opinion, she replies with the sound sense of Dr. Johnson, if not precisely in his idiom: "I don't know if they're quite my sort of thing." But she is later rewarded by being escorted to less gloomy scenes, and St. Paul's, Hampton Court, Dulwich, Hertford House, Greenwich, the London Museum, Kensington Palace and Westminster Abbey are the successive objectives of their joint visitations.

She is rewarded also by a great deal of interesting miscellaneous information. One of Mr. Pope-Hennessy's aims is "to prevent the past from seeming dull," and although the reader may, and probably will, disagree violently with some of his points of view, it is unlikely that he will be bored. The extensiveness and peculiarity of the author's prejudices are only rivalled by those of Dr. Johnson. He is a Roman Catholic, yet he admires Queen Elizabeth and Oliver Cromwell and abhors the Jacobite movement. His favourite period is the sixteenth century, and he writes most sensitively on this subject, especially in regard to that loathsome little creature, Edward the Sixth, but he detests Drake and the Elizabethan sea-dogs, because, as he says, "I hate anything to do with the sea." Yet he writes with sympathy of Nelson's funeral, adding "With Byron, Nelson remains to-day the most generally remembered figure of his age in England," and if on another page he confesses that he has found it impossible to appreciate much of Byron's poetry, this gives his readers all the more food for thought.

If Mr. Pope-Hennessy cannot appreciate Pope or the Restoration dramatists, at least he realises the merits of Beddoes, Harrison Ainsworth and Mrs. Ewing, and his lack of sympathy with Byron may perhaps derive from an intensive study of the work of Southey. His theory that the sixteenth-century *memento mori* view of death is "just immensely healthy" is surely an echo from another young man, whose remark to his old Uncle William: "You are cheerful and gay and converse about death," conveys a hopeful impression which is not usually shared by elderly uncles.

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going through a pack of clumsy yokels to score a try under the posts—or rather in the corner, for the kick at goal goes wide. Mrs. Christie can rest content with her 3 points: no one else could have scored them. There are ten people cooped up on Nigger Island who put on a gramophone record and hear their death-sentence. After sentence has been executed Scotland Yard asks "Who did it?" But only Mrs. Christie survives to tell. Apart from one little dubious proceeding there is no cheating; the reader is just bamboozled in a straightforward way from first to last. To show her utter superiority over our deductive faculty, from time to time Mrs. Christie even allows us to know what every character present is thinking—and still we can't guess! If it were not for that iota of hanky-panky *Ten Little Niggers* would be the most colossal achievement of a colossal career. As it is the book must rank with Mrs. Christie's previous best, alongside *Roger Ackroyd*, *Lord Edgware*, *Styles*, *The Man in the Brown Suit*, and *Death on the Nile*, on the top notch of detection.

After such a *tour de force*, it is delightful to meet another *virtuosa* in a very different line, Miss Josephine Bell; it is also a relief after straining the intelligence to indulge the emotions. *From Natural Causes* is a crime story with an element of suspense rather than true detection; but the authoress makes up for the absence of mystery with a riot of characterisation. (Perhaps all female detection writers are really novelists at heart, except Mrs. Christie.) It is not often we find that fascinating facet of life, the ladies' cloakroom, dealt with so faithfully and with such gusto. There is nothing that Miss Bell does not know about Mop, the heroine of her crime; and I can only regret the limit imposed on her indiscretion by the exigence of decorum. And in case you had forgotten Miss Bell's medical training, there are a couple of grisly post-mortems and some comic interludes in the dissection room to remind you of *Murder in Hospital*. As the crimes have to be solved officially (although the reader is never meant to be mystified) Dr. Wintringham is called in, and performs the delicate task of recapitulating the evidence with the minimum of boredom and the maximum speed—an almost unparalleled feat in a crime story. Miss Bell deserves our eternal gratitude.

If detectives and their cronies were forbidden to recapitulate evidence unless to serve some useful purpose, most detective novels would lose half their length and readers would not be wasting half their time: Mr. Crofts might even be forced to write short stories. Never was such a veteran runner over all the facts of the case as old Inspector French! First he runs over them on the ground with all the speed of a basset hound, and then he runs over them all again in his head. In *Fatal Venture*, however, he only gets half the book in which to indulge these habits. The first half is given over to the narrative of young Harry Morrison, the purser on a luxury liner, which circles the British Isles outside the 3-mile limit with a casino on board until the owner of the racket is murdered. The best feature of the book is the murderer's alibi, a most carefully dovetailed piece of ingenuity, which must have given Mr. Crofts almost as much trouble to build up as it does French to break down.

The Goodchild-Roberts collaboration has got hold of a neat method for murdering people in their baths and decided it can be bulked out to 286 pages in *We Shot An Arrow*, provided enough semi-cultured small talk is thrown in. It can be done, but was it wise? The answer depends on whether you can stand listening-in to the staff of the B.B.C. in their cosy homes.

Ever since Ellery Queen visited Hollywood he has been afflicted with a personality, which encumbers his work. He falls into "aggressive reveries"; he "smiles diabolically"; he hardly speaks without an "outraged chuckle." His own love-making propensities fortunately have been left in California, where they were mis-begotten, for in *The Dragon's Teeth* he inspires an assistant to deputise for him. But otherwise his return to New York has not benefited his character. The justification for this new volume is a sound substratum of plot: an eccentric millionaire hires Queen to investigate his death and dies three months later, leaving an eccentric will. But the pages are so bedizened with flummery that one can hardly turn them fast enough to reach the solution where a couple of elegant twists suddenly remind us that the Queen of earlier days is not entirely lost.

I wonder what material Erle Stanley Gardner is made of. His mind should be equipped with high-speed machine tools of great precision to explain the consistency of his output. You cannot tell the Perry Mason cases apart, except for their titles. *The Case of the Perjured Parrot* is exactly like all the rest. The parrot is called by Mason to give evidence in Court—but why did it commit perjury?

Mr. Cyril Hare writes pleasant, mild prose. The plot of *Suicide Excepted* concerns the efforts of an old gentleman's heirs to confute the coroner's verdict of suicide, whereby they would forfeit his life insurance. Of course the death turns out to be murder; but Mr. Hare disguises the murderer very cunningly behind his bland, absent-minded method of writing. It is just when you are most confident you know who it is that you are in for a surprise. You have to be on your guard with these mild, disarming writers: occasionally, like Mr. Hare, they are doing it on purpose.

Mistrust long detective novels! Most detective stories are too long for their plots, anyhow, and have to be padded to reach normal length. When one meets the occasional monster distended over 400 pages one is entitled to suspect that something much more serious than honest padding is afoot—*vide* Miss Sayers. In Mr. Innes' case the malignant growth is due to what the late Mr. Fowler aptly termed "pedantic humour." The 480 pages of *Stop Press* are riddled with that disease, and its secondary phenomena, pomposity and condescension. The trivial detective plot would not do credit to the imagination of a schoolboy.

*Murder Doesn't Always Out* and *Craine's First Case* are the best available specimens of the tough American class. Neither is super-tough and the plots are hardly sufficient to justify such consumption of hard liquor, but they are faithful to the tradition—which is presumably what is wanted.

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life" of the Emperor. But it is safe to say that nothing like Professor Brandi's book has been written before. He has spent a lifetime over his task, and has left nothing unnoticed. Much material, often of great importance, has only recently come to light, and he has availed himself of these discoveries in admirable fashion. Thus he has used Charles's letters to his wife, one letter at least to his sister Mary of Hungary, and the hitherto unnoticed instructions to his son Philip, written in 1543. The secret clauses of the Treaty of Crépy, again, which are much more significant than the avowed terms, are now known from a draft, and Professor Brandi gives them; while, though we knew Charles's famous speech to the Pope in Rome, we did not, till we read the summary here, know of his rejoinder to the Papal reply. Unless I am mistaken, the correspondence of Chancellor Gattinara has never been so thoroughly sifted as by Professor Brandi: whether absolutely new or not, it will be new to most people.

I do not know whether one's idea of the Emperor's character and aims has been materially altered by these revelations. Compared with other statesmen of the time, he might pass as straightforward and truthful. He was, says Brandi, "neither Roman nor Spanish, neither cool nor calculating. His worldly and spiritual duties were to him alike sacred: what he owed to his ancestors and to his own position as a ruler was inextricably connected in his mind with the idea of religious orthodoxy throughout the world and of universal empire." He was a true lover of reform, and if he could have induced the Pope to give honest support to the Council, the history of Europe might have been different. Not till persuasion failed both with the Pope and with the Protestants, did he turn to force; and force was fatal. Fortune, as he said wearily, was a woman; she loved the young and deserted the old.

Much of his failure was due to his very strength. His dominions were so huge and so widely scattered that he could be attacked at a dozen points, and in no part could he be certain of loyal support. A sincere Catholic himself, he could be assailed in the East by Mohammedans urged on by a Most Christian King in the West, and a Barbarossa in the South could annoy him while he was fretted in the North. His political testament of 1548, which Brandi quotes in full, shows clearly the difficulties with which he had to contend, and which he explained fully to his successor.

They were, largely, family difficulties. His inheritances were so many and so diverse in character that no abilities could hold them together. He is not to be blamed for the tenacity with which he maintained his "rights" in every one of them. A sovereign, however he had acquired his sovereignty, was there by the will of God, and to yield the smallest fraction of his prerogatives was as the sin of heresy or witchcraft. But one cannot be surprised that at last, worn out with toil and disease, he resigned his offices one by one, and retired to Yuste, where every third thought was to be his grave. On that fugitive and cloistered virtue Professor Brandi spends little time; the story has been told a score of times already.

The whole narrative illustrates once more the old saying that "high failure overleaps the bounds of low successes." Charles was a great man for whom circumstances were too strong; but the world will never lose interest in his unsuccessful war with destiny.

Miss Wedgwood, who is already so well known by her *Strafford* and *Thirty Years' War*, has done her work well, and has added some very useful footnotes. E. E. KELLETT

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Mixed up with the business papers of the firm are a number of family letters which throw interesting light on the education of the families of the rising small-scale industrialists of the period. Stubs's children seem to have been moved continually from one school to another, and Mr. Ashton quotes a number of amusing letters written from school to their "Honored Parents." Most pathetic is the request of one of his daughters to be made a parlour boarder in order to enhance her social position at school. The additional charge, she informs her parent, is six guineas a year; but there is no record of Peter Stubs's response to the appeal.

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# HORIZON

## A matter of Form

THERE are two ways of launching a magazine. One is with marble offices, wide advertising, high salaries, and a press campaign which culminates in a splendid *Vermouth d'Honneur*. HORIZON has chosen the other. Its offices are the backroom of a flat. Unpaid themselves, the editors and their secretary grudge every guinea spent on their contributors, they have neither cocktails nor sandwich-men, and this is their first advertisement. Please read it carefully.

HORIZON is a monthly review whose title is a pleasant meaningless sound which looks well in print. The first number will appear early in December, at a moment which, it has been said, is, psychologically, the worst in the year. HORIZON contains some sixty-four pages, it is approximately five and five-eighths inches broad by eight and three-quarter inches high, costs a shilling, and is engrossed with the idea of quality in writing—with long term creative activities in permanent forms. Neither military nor political, it considers the war a necessary evil, yet honours politics by asking those writers who are both literary and practical to contribute to each issue a general article on War and Peace. The first two will be by J. B. Priestley and Herbert Read, followed by Roy Harrod on " The Economics of the War " and Robert Byron on " Federal Union."

It is the aim of HORIZON to help to free writers from journalism by encouraging those contributions (except fragments of novels) which can be reprinted, and by welcoming such unpopular forms as the poem, the critical essay, the intimate journal, and the long short story.

Names of contributors to new reviews are sometimes deceptive, but when HORIZON announces a poem by George Barker or a short story by H. E. Bates, it implies a great poem by George Barker and one of the best of all stories by H. E. Bates. The first three numbers will include poems by de la Mare, Day Lewis, Betjeman, MacNeice, Prokosch, essays by Plomer and Connolly, criticism by Grigson, Spender and Orwell, short stories by H. E. Bates, Elizabeth Bowen, G. F. Green, Rhys Davies, a long extract from Stephen Spender's Berlin Journal, a meditation by Cecil Beaton on Beau Brummel, and a drawing by Henry Moore. Our fourth number, with a photographic supplement, will be devoted to young English painters with Sir Kenneth Clark as co-editor.

Entertainment may enable us to forget the war, but the relief is short and the recovery bitter, only through serious art and literature the withdrawal from the present becomes an awareness of a permanent sense of values. In a poem like Prokosch's on Moliere (No. 1) or a criticism like Pierre Jean Jouve's " On the Present Greatness of Mozart " (No. 2), we view, over the waters, the summit of an Ararat that is for ever bracing and reassuring.

Now we approach a delicate subject. The editors of HORIZON are optimistic, but easily disheartened, and it lies in your power either to justify their optimism, or to do them serious psychological damage. At the present time the most satisfactory way to run a magazine of this kind is by subscription, and in this announcement you are invited to subscribe. HORIZON will be obtainable *to order* through any newsagent.

**Cyril Connolly, Editor.**

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numerous collections of business papers which still survive in the possession of firms whose history runs back to the Industrial Revolution, or even further. Some years ago a similar study of Samuel Oldknow, one of the pioneers of the English muslin industry, was issued under Professor Unwin's editorship from the Manchester University Press. It is to be hoped that Manchester will go on with the good work, and that other universities will speedily follow its excellent example. G. D. H. COLE

## A NEW POET

**Amber Innocent.** By JOAN ADENEY EASDALE. *Hogarth Press.* 5s.

From time to time poetry takes a new turning; if we have our noses down to the old tram-lines we are apt to miss the fresh fork and instead run heavily into the terminus where the lesser followers collect. At present there are a number of minor poets along the Auden lines, some of them with moments of real authenticity, but in the main boring; it is obviously time for the new turn. I believe it is to be found in this book.

I am as puzzled how to describe *Amber Innocent* as I was to describe Auden's first poems nine years ago. Real poetry cannot be described in prose, in less than itself. This is an account of mental and moral experience described in terms of the perfectly concrete adventures of, and things seen by, the heroine Amber, who runs away from and then returns to and faces her brother-in-law Mark, the hater, "scheming dark reprisals." It is like a dream in which something very important is explained, though naturally in symbols. It is not the poet's job to interpret the symbols; she has the most difficult part, to set them down with the accuracy of which poetry alone is capable, aware that a slip in this setting-down may change the symbol and break a link in the interpretation. Possibly the poet does not even know what the interpretation is, at any rate until afterwards; but the reader—or rather the re-reader, for a book like this can be read almost indefinitely often, showing a new side of itself every time—must let the symbols do their work in his mind, guided by the general set of the poem, which is what poetic metre is for.

The metre is not always easy, especially at the beginning, where it is tentative, the dream beginning with Amber hiding her eyes in the curtains of a half dark room: "It was only her face that held herself." It changes as she escapes, as she thinks of her childhood, rattling to the town in a train, in the town and her identifications of herself with things seen, and her adventures with the threshold; this part of the poem seems to me to describe significant spiritual states of being with extraordinary lucidity and certainty. Next comes a curious interlude about the pregnant Mrs. Lapwing who is, I suppose, common sense, and about the over-loving of mothers:

> Unforgiving, Amber feared again, with scheduled dread,
> To see herself one day to suck
> The secrets from the infant she had fed,
> To bite the hand off to forestall the trap
> And bathe the blood with lily-soothing milk,
> Her's the solace luxury, the boycott silk.

Then comes the letters from Mark, and the arrival of the niece, Megathy, who had been a sick child earlier in the poem, finally the facing of Mark and battle with his lion. By now, the poem will have become a solid piece of security and explanation in the reader's mind; it will have given him the jolt out of time which is extremely salutary to this clock-bound culture; he will have been in another world, stranger but clearer, from which he may be able to get a bearing on his own.

This poem is not difficult; it uses ordinary words, even slang words, with the utmost ease. It must be re-read, not because it does not make immediate sense, but because the immediate sense is of the symbols, not of the interpretation. It is worth reading for the symbols alone, for the individuality of adjective and description, for the matter of fact and almost casual way in which the deepest experience is described. But there is more to come in every further reading. NAOMI MITCHISON


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# FIRST NUMBER
# NOV. 17

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Viscount CRANBORNE, M.P.

*Cartoon by Feliks Topolski*

11 Gower Street, W.C.1 Museum 9420


## KARL MARX

**Karl Marx.** By I. BERLIN. Home University Library. *Butterworth.* 2s. 6d.

When I first began to study Marx, a quarter of a century ago now, I was able to acquire all the books on him in English without the least strain on my pocket money. There was Spargo's *Life* and a Kerr book by Louis Boudin called *The Theoretical System of Karl Marx*. There was nothing else at all. The Russian revolution called forth one or two studies by dons, which I still have on my shelves; but they were patronising and rubbishy. For years Marx remained the most underwritten of economists. And now he is the most overdescribed. Every sort of study is available, sometimes in several specimens: "human interest" (Carr), emendatory (Cole), adulatory (any C.P. author), abusive (Father Larkin), cheap (my own) or merely accurate (Beer). What claims has Mr. Berlin to issue another? Well, his book is easily, though not well, written. It is reasonably priced and has over 250 pages. It shows no prejudice and contains no major errors. But here I am afraid praise must stop. It contains far too many minor errors. Some of these (such as dating the "June days" in Paris in '48 a month late and suggesting the workers were led by Blanqui; or confusing the 1871 meeting of the International with the Hague conference of 1872) suggest an extensive ignorance of background. The account of the Commune is really very bad indeed. The "dialectic" and historical materialism have been explained better before, and no attempt is made to discuss and meet the objections of common sense to the former. A long analysis of a little known early work (*The German Ideology*) is of obvious value, but in order to include it Mr. Berlin has attempted to explain historical materialism before bringing in any account of the *Communist Manifesto*, a merely freakish *tour de force*. The Labour Theory of Value is scarcely even explained, and its truth or relevance to modern life not discussed. Yet more than half of Marx's own writing is directly or indirectly concerned with it. Even the personal estimates of character are peculiar: Hyndman is described as "agreeable" and of Marx it is noted that he objected to "cowardice" and was unsentimental. It is not observed that it was *mental* cowardice alone that he was able to despise; the theorist of revolution throughout his life had no opportunity of finding out if he was himself a physical coward. It is not noticed that his furious denunciations of the Duchess of Sutherland, Louis Napoleon and other products of the capitalist system, or his carefully cultivated brutality to all but the few

**WICKHAM STEED** in the "Spectator," reviewing an important new book by the author of "Czechs and Germans":—

"Should any be tempted to think since war began that the foes of Hitlerism have over-stated both their own rightness and the wickedness of the Nazi system, they will do well to read Miss Wiskemann's admirable study of the undeclared war which Nazi Germany was waging before war was declared. Her whole book was written by the end of July. Very wisely she has not attempted to bring it up to date. Thus it stands as a document, a record uninfluenced by the war itself.

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"correct" followers, are to even the most amateur psychologist evidences of a repressed but powerful sentimentality. Indeed, the chief objection to Mr. Berlin's essay is that not only in such relatively difficult topics as psychology but even in such obvious questions as the dictatorship of the proletariat he has made no attempt whatever to relate Marxism to modern conditions or summarise controversy since the days of Bernstein.

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**Ammianus Marcellinus. III.** Translated by J. C. ROLFE. **Philo. VIII.** Translated by F. H. COLSON. **Plutarch's Moralia. VI.** Translated by W. C. HEMBOLD. **Greek Mathematical Works (I. Thales to Euclid).** Translated by IVOR THOMAS. **Cicero (Brutus and Orator).** Translated by G. L. HENDRICKSON AND H. M. HUBBELL. **Demosthenes (Private Orations. III and In Neaeram).** Translated by A. T. MURRAY. **Dionysius of Halicarnassus (Roman Antiquities. II).** Translated by E. CARY. Loeb Classical Library. *Heinemann.* Each 10*s.* cloth; 12*s.* 6*d.* leather.

This batch of "Loebs" includes two Latin and five Greek volumes. Professor Rolfe concludes his version of Ammianus Marcellinus, who ranks among the liveliest of historians, even if we do not think him, as his translator does, "the greatest literary genius the world has seen between Tacitus and Dante." Demosthenes and Cicero, Philo and Plutarch and Dionysius, march steadily on in the competent hands of various American scholars. Mr. Thomas strikes out a new line in the series. His volume is an extremely able piece of work, which should be of peculiar interest to mathematicians, though it may tease the general reader. His selections include a number of the great Greek philosophers—Pythagoras, Democritus, Zeno, Plato, Aristotle—and confront us with all sorts of problems from the Pythagorean theorem to the squaring of the circle. He is indebted, as anyone dealing with this subject must be, to Sir T. Heath's *A History of Greek Mathematics*, a book which, in Mr. Thomas's words, is "unexcelled in any language."

**Austria 1918-1938: A Study in Failure.** By CAPTAIN MALCOLM BULLOCK, M.P. *Macmillan.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

It is clear from every chapter in Captain Bullock's book that he followed the fortunes of the unhappy Austrian Republic, from its birth-struggles to its final murder, in detail and with loving care, and nobody can read the book without feeling that his underlying argument, that the Republic's independent existence was doomed from its start in the conditions of Versailles Europe, is convincingly proved. The story of the first ten years has been neglected in recent studies, and Captain Bullock's chapters on this period are a salutary reminder, not only of the humiliations and miseries the rump of a once great Empire had to endure, but also of the strength of *Anschluss* sentiment among nearly all parties long before Hitler had captured Germany. It is therefore greatly to be regretted that the telling of this story seems on the whole colourless and pedestrian, and that there is little or no attempt to portray the general sweep and pattern of events. The latter part in particular weakens into something very near a bald catalogue of facts, and the deeper psychological meaning of important episodes, such as the "July Days" of 1927 and even the February fighting of 1934, and of many important characters is so neglected as to make the developments extremely confusing to anyone who has not made a previous study of the subject. Captain Bullock is at pains, and rightly, to be fair to all parties and all sections of the Austrian population, but he has carried the process so far in many instances as to drain his prose of nearly all life. He has nevertheless written a book which is well worth reading by anyone who is interested in the question of war aims and the future of Central Europe. The faults are of technique and method, not of sympathy.

**The Economics of a Declining Population.** By W.B. REDDAWAY. *Allen and Unwin.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Reddaway, a young Cambridge-trained economist with much wider and more varied experience than most of his contemporaries, has filled a serious gap in the literature by applying, chiefly for students and laymen, modern economic analysis to the results of probable trends in this country during the next generation. He takes a balanced view of the population scare. Unless we make immigration much easier or succeed in reducing deaths very much population is sure to fall, if the present limitation of births by artificial contraception continues. Unless there is immigration of children or of young people who will produce large families the proportion of elderly people will also increase. Mr. Reddaway shows that these changes will mean higher incomes per head but also heavier special unemployment, e.g., in the pram-making industry. They will increase the problems of public finance but lessen those of international trade. The real crux is general unemployment. This depends on monetary policy, of which Mr. Reddaway's analysis is too short and for laymen too difficult. We can agree with him that the problem will become harder both for population and for other reasons. Skill in monetary management is likely to increase but economists are still unable to agree what measures to recommend.

**I Got References.** By GERALD KERSH. *M. Joseph.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

After reading this book you'll take the references for granted, and switch on *Band Waggon* to find if Arthur Askey was so funny after all. Mr. Kersh makes it clear in this book that he is the unbeatable 100 per cent. Cockney, with a curiosity that stops at nothing, and an endearing impudence that frequently verges on the intolerable; but safely removed from the source you can read and enjoy, and every now and then be irritated by, his overdone ebullition. The author is slick, and he writes in a racy compelling journalese, this for example:

> He had a cat, however, which was a special kind of cat. She was nearly as big as a tigress, and similarly striped. In fact he said, she probably did have a good deal of tiger in her . . . say speaking conservatively, about fifty per cent. tiger-blood. The rest? Leopard. When she purred it was like the exhaust of a motor-bike. . . . If it had not been for her he, and his wife, and his children would have been eaten in their beds.

The book describes people, strange people, anyone in fact who is eccentric enough to merit writing about in that hazy half-underworld of Soho and the Edgware Road. He bounds immediately onto the scent of anyone potentially comic, pitiable or fantastic and will write of them in phrases minted on street corners, turning the tragic to the ludicrous, and the laughable into the sad; even the ordinary have their chinks which he can sniff at, or more accurately peep through, for the bedroom in his boarding house possessed an empty knot hole in the wall, and by diligent application to this he rounded off his education. The book which results is boisterous and disjointed, the gaps glossed over with patter, but as entertainment it is first rate. Kersh does not spare himself from examination, and there for once he is not jocular, and gives the impression that these rampages are only part of a façade, bolstering up a sensitive, impressionable writer whose aim is to amuse and let the show go on without a break.

**Hotel in Flight.** By NANCY JOHNSTONE. *Faber and Faber.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

If you read *Hotel in Spain* you may well have felt a mild irritation with its hostess, for the material she had to work upon was not really solid enough for a book of that calibre; Mrs. Johnstone has not the airy inconsequent touch that would have brought it into line with the countless other airy-nonsensical novels, but first and foremost she is a journalist, and therefore a rapid summer-up of character, who wastes as little time on "development" as possible. If you were interested in the first book, you may have felt selfishly that the Spanish War was the best thing for its author in the long run, and in the light of this book it certainly was. With too little to write about, she made a


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success of it, and now, with a war in progress, she has done even better. Mrs. Johnstone is one of those women who thrive on a war.

The guests were whisked away in excited warships, and the hotel was shut down, while the Johnstones stayed on, living in it as private individuals, " enjoying the advantages our guests had had." The first part of the book is made up of the doings and the characters of the few guests who came to the hotel—and she deals with them ruthlessly. She decided to turn the hotel into a home for evacuated children, and the second half is concerned with their sympathetic treatment, the struggle for supplies, the rivalry with a similar establishment in the same village, run by a harsh *Mädchen in Uniform* superintendent. Twice the author goes to Barcelona, during air raids, to find imagination more powerful than reality, and even in those short visits she starts to build up a Stoic resistance against the incessant bombardment, in common with those who stay for any length of time in a condemned city. After the fall of Barcelona the children were taken over the frontier with great difficulty, and the Johnstones worked in the camps on the sand dunes. They found that refugees willing to go back to Franco Spain were given loaves and a tin of fish, while those who could not face the return were left without food for two days, and treated wretchedly; even then the camps were packed.

## BOOKS TO COME

Hermann Rauschning (author of *The Revolution of Destruction*) who was a personal friend as well as a colleague of Hitler's and during his Presidency of the Danzig Senate had exceptional opportunities for hearing at first hand the Fuehrer's views, kept a careful record of the conversations which took place in the Nazi inner circle. As soon as he had left a meeting he made an almost verbatim note of Herr Hitler's remarks. In a remarkable book, *Hitler Speaks*, to be published by Thornton Butterworth early in December, these informal and spontaneous consultations are reproduced.

Dr. F. R. Bienenfeld, an international lawyer who worked in Vienna and is now a refugee, is the author of *The Germans and the Jews*, an account of the Jewish community in Germany and the reasons for its intellectual supremacy and consequent persecution, coming from Secker and Warburg probably on November 27th. In its German version the book was twice reprinted within eight weeks and then confiscated.

For the end of the month this firm announces V. K. Arseniev's *Dersu the Trapper*, an account of exploration in Far Eastern Siberia—in the wild, unknown country of Ussuria.

Hale publishes on November 20th *Republic for a Day*, by Michael Winch, a description of Carpatho-Ukraine and its brief emergence as a republic. The author is a Foreign Correspondent who was in Prague during the crisis of 1938 and at Chust, the Carpatho-Ukraine capital, during the final dismemberment of Czechoslovakia in March, 1939.

In *Barbarians at the Gate*, coming from Gollancz on November 30th, Mr. Leonard Woolf asks how Fascism, the barbarian in question, is to be repelled, and shows that the weakness of Britain's defence lies in its uncivilised economy just as the Russian weakness lies in its uncivilised ideology. He urges that the problem for would-be defenders is how to convey the virtues of both.

Mr. George Rylands has compiled a Shakespeare anthology, *The Ages of Man*, which comes from Heinemann on November 20th. There are 700 extracts from the plays and sonnets grouped under the headings, Youth, Manhood and Age. Mr. Rylands, defending himself as anthologist, argues that by reading a passage in isolation we perceive style and content with added sharpness.

Heinemann's will publish shortly *The Rose Window*, an anthology of specially written stories, poems, essays and one-act plays, the proceeds of whose sale will go to Bart's Hospital. Contributors include Noel Coward, Priestley, Emlyn Williams, Walpole, Anna Zinkeisen, and Humbert Wolfe.

*Our Own Affairs*, a guide to citizenship for young people by Kathleen Gibberd, comes from Dent on November 23rd. This is intended for those who like, but are vague about, democracy. Based on the day-to-day newspaper records of things which concern everybody, it describes Cabinet meetings, Whitehall, Parliament, Police Courts, Civil Courts, the City, the B.B.C. and the press itself. There are also chapters on the world overseas and a General Knowledge test.

Routledge announces for November 24th, *How to Pay for the War*, an essay in war finance by E. F. M. Durbin of the London School of Economics.

Batsfords have embarked this year on a series of Christmas cards in the tradition of their admirably produced works on English landscape and architecture. There will be seven series of six cards each including reproductions from mediaeval illuminated MSS., and from water-colours and paintings by artists who include Breughel the Elder, Hogarth, Constable, Prout, Rowlandson, David Cox and Thomas Malton, Junr. Another series consists of reproductions from early nineteenth-century coloured aquatints. The cards are priced at 4*d*., 6*d*., and 8*d*.

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# About Motoring

## COASTING ON A CAR

ASSUMING that the mechanism of a motor car is in good order, substantial economies of fuel can only be achieved by two methods. The first is a radical reduction of speed. At forty miles an hour most cars consume nearly twice as much fuel as their engines burn at twenty miles an hour. This fact is understood by the majority of drivers. The second is the free use of impetus, known as " coasting," a habit practised by very few of us in normal times. Coasting, when practised to its limit, assumes three distinct forms, viz.:

(i) Coasting up to foreseen stoppages without the use of brakes.

(ii) Coasting short distances on the level by declutching, using the clutch and throttle to reaccelerate when the pace becomes undesirably low.

(iii) Coasting down gradients.

Analysing each item separately, the coast up to a foreseen stopping point is actually an integral part of good driving. I see a traffic light ahead, showing red; or a Halt sign; or a house at which I intend to call. The rough and clumsy driver allows the engine to propel the car till he is nearly level with his intended stopping point, and then applies his brakes fairly hard. By this method he saves a perfectly worthless fraction of time, but imposes unnecessary wear on his brakes and tyres, and uses petrol which could be conserved. So few drivers coast to a stoppage that they have no conception of the wastage involved. A modern car running over tarmac under power generates so little friction in its wheel bearings or between properly inflated tyres and the road surface that it will " coast " on the level for an amazing distance if the gear be thrown into neutral position, and the engine switched off; on the level a car will readily cover one hundred yards in this fashion. Not one driver in a thousand can bring a car to rest opposite a selected gate by this method without using his brakes more or less; and practice of the feat adds a definite interest to driving.

The second form of coasting has no merit at all except that it economises fuel; and under normal conditions nobody employs it. It simply means that the car is accelerated on the flat up to a

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predetermined and economical speed—say 30–35 miles an hour; and is then declutched. When the speed drops to 15 or 20 miles an hour, the clutch is re-engaged and the car once more speeded up to the selected maximum; and so on *ad infinitum*. Quite an appreciable saving of fuel will be registered, but the trick has no other attraction. It is a laborious and irritating method of travel, adopted simply and solely to eke out an exiguous fuel ration. Nor is the saving very pronounced, as the engine runs on its pilot jet when declutched, and the consumption on the pilot jet is often comparatively heavy.

The third form of coasting—descending hills in neutral—is far more attractive, and in hilly country may be enormously economical. All good drivers habitually employ the method, and many authorities regard it as the most pleasurable form of motoring, especially if they own rather fussy little cars. At the top of any long downgrade, such as Fish Hill, near Broadway, or Shap Fell, or the drop off Dartmoor into Tavistock, the driver declutches, pushes the gear lever into neutral, and switches off his engine. The car then slides down the hill in absolute silence, using gravity as its sole propellant, and consuming no fuel whatsoever. The speed is limited only by the severity of the gradient and by any other considerations (such as bends) suggested by safety. On a few British hills 80 m.p.h. can be safely enjoyed by this method. The sole objections to the method are the risk of brake failure, and the chance that a clumsy novice may damage his gear box in re-engaging a gear towards the foot of the hill. The method should therefore never be employed unless both brakes are known to be in first-class order—after all, quite a minor mechanical mishap may suddenly deprive the car of its footbrake, and quite a number of modern cars (especially some of foreign manufacture) are fitted with handbrakes which were designed only for parking purposes, i.e., for maintaining a car in a stationary position, rather than in pulling it up from high speed. A good driver can, of course, stop a car on a steep gradient even if its brakes fail completely; for he is so adept at gear changing that he can gradually get into bottom gear should he discover at fifty miles an hour downhill that his brakes have failed; but not one driver in a thousand is adept to this pitch. The other drawback—that of re-engaging a gear at the foot of the hill—can be overcome in ten minutes' practice. For those who have never made the experiment, let us imagine that Jones is coasting down a steep straight hill such as the old road at Dashwood. He is moving at 50 miles an hour, with his gear lever in neutral, his clutch engaged, and his engine switched off. The pace gradually drops at the foot of the hill to, say, 30 miles an hour, which is slower than he fancies, and he decides that the time has come to substitute engine power for gravity as his propellant. He must *never* attempt to engage a gear with the engine dead. If he does, he will damage the gear box and create a great deal of noise; for he will be trying to engage a stationary cogwheel with another cogwheel revolving at high speed. The first step, therefore, is to restart the engine by means of the electric starter. Having restarted his engine as the indispensable preliminary, the engagement of a gear now takes the form of meshing two revolving cogwheels. This can be effected in complete silence without jar or sound provided the two cogwheels (or possibly "dogs") are spinning at approximately the same speed. One of the cogwheels or dogs is spinning at a speed determined by the speed of the rear wheels. The other is spinning at a speed determined by the engine. If he leaves his throttle all but shut, the dog or cogwheel connected to the engine will be spinning *slowly;* and the dog or cogwheel connected to the rear wheels will be spinning *fast*. He can equalise their respective speeds by treading lightly on his accelerator pedal to speed up the dog or cogwheel coupled to the engine. The silent, shockless engagement of the two spinning components depends entirely and exclusively on the degree to which he opens his throttle; and his tendency will be to open the throttle too little. At 30 m.p.h. or upwards he should open the throttle enough to provoke quite a little burst of noise from the exhaust; and then very gently "feel" the gear lever with his fingers into the top gear position. After one or two practice attempts, he will learn to snick the top gear into mesh without sound or jar; if the first two or three "feels" result in a little metallic noise and a sensation of shock, he must vary his throttle opening. With small cars which are fussy and noisy at speeds in excess of 40 m.p.h. this downhill coasting is easily the pleasantest sensation in the entire gamut of their travel; and the trick is worth mastering, quite apart from the radical fuel economy which it procures in hilly districts. But it should never be utilised unless the brakes are in first-class condition.

R. E. DAVIDSON

# Week-end Competitions

## No. 510

**Set by Robinson Moody**

A letter to the *Times* suggests that uniforms for women war-workers are unnecessary and unæsthetic. The usual prizes of Two Guineas and Half a Guinea are offered for lines on the subject of women in khaki, written by Pope to add to his Epistle on the Characters of Women. Entries are not to exceed twenty-four lines.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, Nov. 24th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

## RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 508

**Set by Sam Smiles**

The usual prizes are offered for the best account of his wife by the obscure husband of a celebrated woman (e.g. Mr. Siddons or the Rev. A. B. Nicholls). Entries not to exceed 200 words.

**Report by Sam Smiles**

Mrs. Beeton and Boadicea proved to be the celebrated wives most popular with competitors. Mrs. Siddons and Charlotte Brontë, of course, occurred, and others were Mrs. Bloomer, Lady Hamilton, Mrs. Besant, Eve, Mary Queen of Scots, Mme. Tussaud, Luise Rainer, Lady Godiva, Queen Anne, Mme. de Rambouillet, Harriet Wilson, Mary Somerville, Catharine the Great, Mrs. Centlivre, Mrs. Radcliffe, Mrs. Piazzi, Margaret of Anjou, Rosa Luxemburg and Mrs. Eddy. M. Snow suggests that Miss Austen was clandestinely married to a pirate. E. C. Mackenzie described Mrs. Grundy; David Rentoul, very skilfully, the Wife of Bath. Several competitors sent in descriptions ascribed to St. Joseph: these I rejected, not on the always debatable ground of good taste (one of them was imaginative and entirely inoffensive), but because they did not fulfil the conditions. To suppose that St. Joseph is "obscure" shows surprising insularity: no masculine saint, not even St. Antony, has received so wide a *cultus* or been so frequently represented in paintings and images. I liked Hugh Cockerell's account of Mrs. Beeton: "Our domestics, in particular our cooks, are always leaving. . . . Cold Meat Cookery, Half-Pay Pudding and Economical Soups (suitable for Benevolent Purposes) have their uses. . . . I sometimes wonder whether we might not keep a more liberal table." But the first prize should go to Charles Furbank; the second to Morag.

### FIRST PRIZE

### MR. BEETON'S ACCOUNT OF HIS WIFE

My wife woke regularly at five, and hearing no stir would cry, "What, you ungrateful sluts, not out of bed yet?" At once there would be a general stir all over the house, as my wife had an excellent voice. After a brief breakfast she would commence her work for the day, writing and conducting practical experiments alternately. The cook had the impudence to say that these experiments interfered with the preparation of meals, which, truth to say, were not of the first quality. But when my wife became so engrossed in her great work that she no longer had time to go into the kitchen, the servants would scarce deign to feed me at all, until unheated plates and undrained greens became such commonplaces that I hardly noticed them. I did not like to broach this subject to my wife, for when I did she would cry, "Ah, this is what I might have expected! I slave all the day, whilst you think of nothing but food!" Feeling the truth of this, I would fall silent, thinking indeed that the husband of such a wife should be content with his lot, and not complain of trifles.

CHARLES FURBANK

### SECOND PRIZE

### CHARLOTTE BRONTË: BY HER HUSBAND

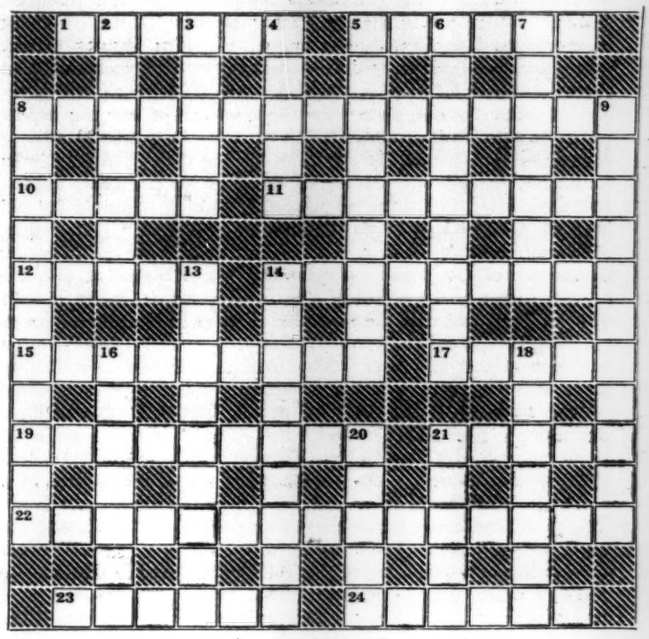
My late, dear wife was an excellent housekeeper; the green-and-white curtains she made for me before our marriage still adorn my study. She was endowed, moreover, with a not inconsiderable literary talent; although I fear its expression somewhat lacked that reticence and decorum becoming a gentlewoman, and especially the wife of a clergyman of the Church of England.

I have reason to believe, however, that had she not been so prematurely and lamentably taken from us, her mature work would have been such as to inspire and thrill with pure emotions. Her portraits of the clergy, hitherto so sadly satirical, would, I am persuaded, have shown a new mellowness. Her increasing interest in the work of the Sunday School would, I verily believe, have borne fruit. I was in great hopes that she might have given us something in the nature of Miss Mitford's *Our Village*.

MORAG

## WEEK-END CROSSWORD 506

**Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.**



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Miss R. L. Saw, 72 Grosvenor Avenue, Carshalton, Surrey

### ACROSS

1. Top speed at which the side is dismissed. (6)
5. Imprisonment by the Druses. (6)
8. No doubt their full cry will not be heard till they are grown up. (15)
10. Wild beasts drawn to scale as it were. (5)
11. Placed even in the centre of the stage. (9)
12. Anne came back y to die after her first letter. (5)
14. There should be a metallic ring about its playing. (9)
15. You would never get him to "say when." (9)
17. The widow's "mite" as it were. (5)
19. This should of course be the time when things lent are returned. (9)
21. Doctrine to make one go mad. (5)
22. All skylights come into this category. (15)
23. Female donkey? (6)
24. Kind of plant in pot that pleases Elizabethan experts. (6)

### DOWN

2. I study Roman Law it seems. (7)
3. They are trebled for bassoons. (5)
4. Sit up about one in France. (5)
5. Can be put in a deep crate. (9)
6. Creased again, slackly speaking. (9)
7. Praise a flower arrangement. (7)
8. For those who prefer Down Under. (11)
9. Rapid tests of going concerns. (11)
13. Man-ape ego in Abode of Love. (9)
14. These put up jobs might be rookeries. (9)
16. Places for our betters. (7)
18. Dog bird? (7)
20. American, not Swedish, jerks. (5)
21. You are surely not fit to take them. (5)

### LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| M | A | T | A | D | O | R | ■ | D | I | R | T | S | E | B |
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| R | E | E | D | S | ■ | U | P | S | E | T | T | I | N | G |
| R | ■ | B | ■ | C | ■ | N | ■ | I | ■ | L | ■ | N | ■ | S |
| Y | E | L | L | O | W | D | O | G | D | I | N | G | O | ■ |
| M | ■ | A | ■ | R | ■ | E | ■ | N | ■ | N | ■ | I | ■ | E |
| A | C | C | E | D | E | D | ■ | S | T | E | R | N | U | M |
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| C | R | Y | S | T | A | L | ■ | S | E | L | S | S | U | T |


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# London Amusements

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## EXHIBITIONS

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# THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By CYNICUS

COMPULSORY SAVINGS A LA KEYNES—INFLATION AVOIDED: ALSO THE NEXT SLUMP—THE DISAPPOINTMENT OF OIL—OIL SHARE DIVIDENDS

COMPULSORY savings on the "grand seigneur" scale is Mr. J. M. Keynes' method of avoiding inflation. The idea is to be commended, as I argued last week, but the scale of the savings he proposes is, in my opinion, too severe. The scheme is set out in detail in two beautifully clear articles in the *Times* this week. Too beautifully clear, one might say, for the articles seemed to ignore the fact that many incomes above those of wage-earners have gone down since the war and that saving anything in such cases is probably impossible without a drastic reduction in the standard of living. But this is what Mr. Keynes' scheme implies—an actual reduction in the standard of living of the great middle class and a restriction of the rise in the standard of living of the wage-earning class. This is not condemning the scheme, for if we are to avoid a big inflation we have no better choice. To quote Mr. Keynes: "If everyone spends, prices will rise until no one is better off. The increased earnings of the working class will not have benefited them one penny, but will have escaped through higher prices and higher profits, partly into taxation and partly into the savings of the entrepreneur class." The inflation will not wait upon the full employment of the physical resources and labour of the country. The rise in wages in the many over-extended industries is sufficient to set the rise in prices in motion. An increase in the purchasing power of wage-earners by at least £500 millions a year is expected by Mr. Keynes and by the time we have reached our maximum effort a much larger increase than this would be inevitable. Three-fifths of the net expenditure on consumption goods are derived from those whose incomes are less than £250 a year and it is this class whose incomes are likely to rise by more than 15 per cent. So Mr. Keynes argues rightly that the wage-earners can only enjoy an increase in real earnings if they are prepared to accept deferred payment for a portion of their wages.

* * *

Briefly, his scheme is that a percentage of all incomes in excess of a stipulated minimum should be paid over to the Government partly as compulsory savings and partly as direct taxes. The part represented by compulsory savings would be credited to the individual as a deposit in the Post Office Savings Bank, bearing 2½ per cent. interest. These deposits could not be used as security for loans or for current expenditure, but could be set off against pre-war capital commitments such as hire-purchases and insurance premiums. I particularly like the suggestion that these deposits should be unblocked after the war by a series of instalments—graduated to help us through the first post-war slump. But the scale of deductions from income "surpluses" which he suggests will be found too severe for most tastes. The stipulated "free" income is 35*s.* a week for an unmarried man and 45*s.* a week for a married man—with an addition of 7*s.* 6*d.* for each child. The percentages to be deducted from the excess range from 20 per cent. to 35 per cent. for incomes from £150 to £1,000, from 35 per cent. to 50 per cent. for incomes from £1,000 to £5,000 and up to 80 per cent. for incomes above. Let us take a married man with two children with £500 a year. The total levy would be £105, of which £77 10*s.* would be credited as Savings Certificates and £27 10*s.* retained as income tax. But I doubt whether this poor black-coat, who has probably been living up to the hilt, could forego £77 10*s.* a year without upsetting his children's education or some other vital part of his living.

* * *

Another field of industry where the equity shareholder has so far been bitterly disappointed by this war is oil. Could anyone have imagined a better "inflation hedge" for wartime than oil shares? Oil is one of the chief raw materials of war. Without it mechanised armies cannot move, warships cannot steam, submarines cannot dive, aeroplanes cannot fly. And being produced abroad it has an international market which no Ministry of Supply can control. Indeed, soon after the outbreak of war the export prices of refined oil products began to rise. At the Gulf ports of America petrol is now 35 per cent. higher than in August. In Roumania refined oils for export are over 50 per cent. higher. But these rises, indicating an unseemly foreign scramble for oil, brought no blessings to the holders of oil shares. The civilian consumption of petrol in Great Britain was brutally cut to pieces by the axe of Governmental rationing. It is estimated that the peaceful demand for petrol in this country has fallen by at least 33⅓ per cent. and that the new war demand has hardly begun to fill the gap. In neutral countries the drop in petrol consumption has been almost as severe. This unexpectedly severe reduction in turnover must have had a devastating effect upon the profits of the national distributors of petrol, especially international distributors like Royal Dutch-Shell. The normal margin of profit on a gallon of Shell or Esso petrol is calculated after spreading delivery and overhead charges on their respective quotas of a national consumption of around 1,500 million gallons per annum. The profit can easily be converted into a loss on, say, a 66⅔ per cent. consumption. To make matters worse, the Ministry of Supply has only just allowed the Petroleum Board to advance the price of petrol up to the limit of the 35 per cent. rise in Gulf prices, the 150 per cent. rise in tanker freights and the depreciation in sterling. The only mystery about the Petroleum Board (the wartime name for the powerful trade committee which fixes distributors' quotas and agrees prices) is that it is unable to get permission from the Government to charge what prices it likes for the imports of "pool" products.

* * *

Instead of oil share dividends rising it seems to me inevitable that in respect of 1939 certain of them will be cut—particularly those of the distributing companies. One would feel almost sorry for oil shareholders were it not for the fact that they have done very well out of previous wars. The Sino-Japanese war has been a godsend to Californian oil companies, the Abyssinian war and the long preparations for the present European war meant some nice orders in petrol to the international distributors. Even to-day the Roumanian oil industry, in which Royal Dutch-Shell and Anglo-Iranian have their subsidiary or associated companies, is busily supplying Germany with as much oil as it can comfortably sell in terms of a blocked currency. (I presume that the British Government, as it controls Anglo-Iranian, is technically selling oil to its enemy!) Unless and until the present war develops into one of movement on land and large-scale operations in the air, the military, naval and air force demands will hardly offset the drop in the civilian demand for oil products. In the following table I will endeavour to give some estimates of the potential cuts in the leading oil share dividends:

| | Price, June 30th | Present Price | Last Year's Div. % | Est. Div. % | Gross Yield % |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Anglo-Iranian, £1 .. | 3 7/16 | 3 3/32 | 20 | 15 | £4 18 0 |
| Burmah Oil, £1 .. | 3⅜ | 3 3/32 | 21 | 18 | *£6 5 6 |
| Shell Transport, £1 .. | 4 1/16 | 4 3/16 | 17½† | 15 net | £5 14 6 |

* Equivalent gross, after allowing for approximate Dominion Income Tax relief.

† Dividend last year was 20 per cent. net, the equivalent of which, with tax raised to 7*s.* 6*d.* is 17½ per cent.

Against the loss in turnover of petrol, Anglo-Iranian can set increased sales of fuel oil to the British fleet and Shell Transport can set an exchange profit when it takes out (in sterling) its share of the Royal Dutch-Shell pool of world receipts. Burmah Oil, which holds £1,200,000 stock of Shell and £4,293,000 stock of Anglo-Iranian, should be better placed for the time being, for there is no reason to introduce rationing for Indian paraffin oil. Apart from its indigenous production India imports from Iran and Bahrein—cheap and accessible sources of supply. However, the investment income of Burmah Oil in 1940 will be considerably reduced. On the whole, I would sooner hold the shares of the producers to-day than the distributors in this oil business.

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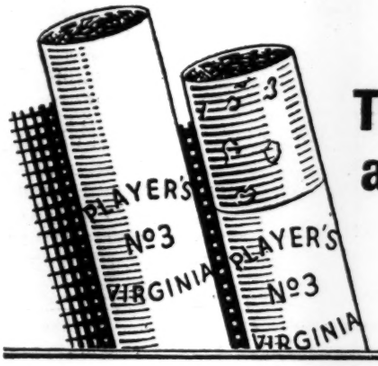


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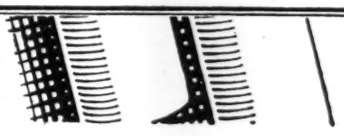

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## LECTURES AND MEETINGS

THE ETHICAL CHURCH, Queensway, Bayswater, W.2. Morning service only. Sunday, November 19th, at 11, H. J. BLACKHAM: "THE COMMON GOOD."

SOUTH PLACE ETHICAL SOCIETY. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn. Sunday, November 19th, at 11 a.m., PROFESSOR T. H. PEAR, M.A., B.Sc.: "Is PSYCHOLOGY BECOMING INHUMAN?" Admission free. Visitors welcome.

RUSSIA TO-DAY Socials Committee invites you to celebrate with them the 22nd Anniversary at Bush House, November 18th. 7–11. Licensed bars. Tickets 2s. 6d., at 8 Red Lion Square, W.1.

PROFESSOR J. B. S. HALDANE lectures on "HOW THE HUMAN BODY WORKS," at MARX HOUSE DAY SCHOOL, Sunday, Nov. 19th. Sessions 11 a.m.-3.30 p.m. (Doors open 10.30 a.m.) Admission: Members 6d., non-members 1s. Luncheons and refreshments available. 37a, Clerkenwell Green, E.C.1.

**MR. HAROLD NICOLSON,**
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